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Themes of the Operas by Andre

IN his second painting, Andre gives his interpretation of Wagner's famous "The Rhinegold." The dwarf Alberich loved the three Rhine-maidens who guarded the magic Rhinegold, which when made into a ring would conquer all things. He wooed them ardently, but they eluded him. Thoughtlessly they revealed that the gold could be taken and transformed into a ring by a man who forswore love. Alberich renounced love and stole the Rhinegold. Wotan, chief of the gods, had promised the Goddess of Love, Freia, to the giants for building Valhalla, then repented of his bargain and asked Loge, God of Fire to help him. The giants said they would accept the ring in place of the goddess. Artful Loge dared the magician Alberich to transform himself into a toad, and when the magician did so Wotan stepped on him and seized the ring.

Lonely Wives Raid Their Men's Secret Society

A COUPLE of Montreal housewives became good and tired recently of being "spiritual widows" all the time, and so they decided to take it up with the police. They paid a visit to the neighborhood precinct and explained that their husbands were always at the headquarters of the "Holy Spirit Cult," waiting for the "second coming of the Messiah."

The wives said they didn't care to wait that long. Instead they wanted their husbands back as soon as possible, and would the police please help them do it? The matter seemed to bear looking into, especially as the women were sure their husbands were being kept at the cult against their will. The possibility of a spiritual "kidnaping" was something new on the enforcers of the law, and so a squad was sent to pay the "divine leader" a more or less friendly visit, together with the lonely wives.

They were greeted at the door, but not very cordially, by Wilfrid Messier, a former longshoreman. At first he wouldn't let the officers in because they didn't have a warrant. He said it was a secret society and not open to the public. But then he relented and permitted them to have a look around.

Inside, sure enough, were the husbands, only they didn't seem to be held in captivity. Instead they said they were perfectly happy and contented to "stick around" without the least desire to go home.

The detectives agreed: "There's nothing wrong here. At least there's nothing we can do."

And Messier, the "prophet," chimed in: "Sure. If the men want to stay here they can stay and if their wives don't want to stay they can go home."

The wives went home. But just the same a few days later the detectives had to go back, and this time they took Messier to jail on charges of theft, obtaining money under false pretenses, and running a common betting house.

The husbands might have been warned before matters went so far, from the declaration scattered through the

The Wives, Thoroughly Sick of Staying at Home Alone, Raided the "Holy Spirit Cult" With the Aid of Detectives to Get Their Men Back.

New Testament: "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

For in court it developed that Messier's cult members had been required to turn over their worldly goods to him. In return they were privileged to sit around and wait for the Messiah to come. In addition they were fed water, bread and cold canned tomatoes.

Principal witnesses against the cult leader were Mr. and Mrs. Hector Pelletier, who found to their sorrow that the profits of prophecy are the disciple's loss. They told how they had handed over their savings to Messier.

But most surprising of all was the development that the "prophet" also went in for prognosticating the outcome of horse races. If Joseph could interpret Pharaoh's dream of the seven lean and seven fat cattle as a warning to store up against adversity, why couldn't Messier or his lieutenants tell an ordinary little thing like what horse to bet on? The answer might be that Messier in truth wasn't such a very good prophet, and a pretty good prophet is like pretty good eggs—just about no good.

The particular religion that Messier taught was as garbled to Montreal citizens as it was apparently convincing to its adherents. When the judge asked Pelletier what he had expected in return for handing over his savings, he readily explained.

"Messier said he had a sure way of getting winners in horse races," stated Pelletier. "He promised to take all the cult members to California when he won. He intended to open a new land in the South pending the transformation."

"What do you mean by 'transformation'?" the court wanted to know. But Pelletier didn't exactly know himself. But he said he saw another cult member hand Messier $500 for the same purpose. "The cult taught us to dispose of all our earthly goods," Pelletier went on. He said that he had taken the advice so literally that he and his wife had sold their jewelry, some household furniture, and had left the rest in their home which they abandoned.

"We disposed of everything and locked the place and went over to Messier's to wait for the transformation," said Pelletier. He added that he even left his automobile on the street. "We waited two days at Messier's for the 'happening,' but nothing happened. The money was lost to a bookie and when there was nothing to eat we became hungry and went back to our home." He found that his car, meanwhile, had been removed to police headquarters.

The horses, judging by the weird manner in which they were picked, certainly should have been winners. "Paul Gadbois, one of the cult members, had visions, went into a 'trance,' and picked them," according to Pelletier.

"Did you see any horses winning?" the judge sarcastically asked Gadbois, who said he never did.

The judge found Messier guilty of theft and ordered him to be locked up. Apparently the big trouble with Messier's system was that he didn't time himself right. It was a bright idea to "get away" to the South, but he didn't leave soon enough to escape the law. He might have won his disciples great wealth even on the track, only he picked the wrong races, or the wrong horses. Just how mixed up his philosophy really was is summed up by what he said when he was led away protestingly.

"I'm no bandit," he yelled. He pointed to the judge. "You're the bandit."

But the wives are happy again—they have their husbands back—and they hope it's for good.

Caught The Crook Who Fooled The Police With Stolen Fingerprints

MARSEILLES, France.

THE Bertillon Institute here has a course of study for detectives and fingerprint experts that outstrips all the others in popularity. The "teacher" is a criminal convicted of murder.

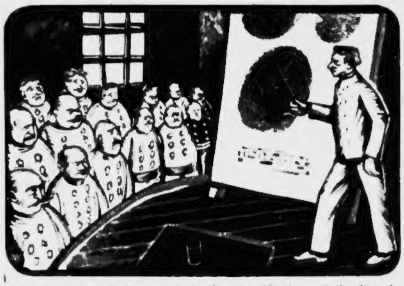
They listen respectfully to what he has to say, but they know better than to "hand in" papers to him on the subject. If they did, the chances are they would soon afterward find the fingerprints unmistakably "stamped" on some prison burglary or other. The required course for advanced detectives is in fact spectacular—it's the exception to the rule that fingerprints always betray the killer. It proves that it is possible to forge fingerprints.

Not only has Jean Caquor much to teach—the classic example of what he has to demonstrate is the crime for which he is serving his sentence, and for which he nearly avoided punishment because of his clever technique.

About a year back a taxi driver was found shot and killed in his cab some hours after the crime. At his side lay a revolver. The gendarmes wondered if perhaps the painful tooting of French cab horns had finally driven this driver to suicide. But the plain prints on the gun proved that the dead man had not despatched himself.

He was murdered; the fingerprints were not his own.

The task of the police then was to find out who had been the last fare of the taxi driver. So far as they could tell, the motive for killing him had been robbery, because neither his purse nor any identification of the dead was left on him. Only by means of his license number were the detectives able to find out that he bore the name of Jacques Trieste, that he had a wife and not an enemy in the world.



The Obliging Convict is Reported to be Teaching Members of the French Fingerprint Bureau Just How He Made the Forged Fingerprints That Nearly Hung a Murder on an Innocent Man.

It was no easy assignment to find out the identity of the last passenger of that "death cab," and in fact the police searched for days. Several passengers were checked by means of witnesses, but the fingerprints didn't coincide. At last, as if by chance, they found the man who, by all the evidence, was the last occupant.

He was an Englishman, who readily confessed he had been taken home by the cab driver who was found murdered only a block away from the place where he alighted. He was identified by another cab driver who had been annoyed at losing a prospect when the Englishman had instead of his cab picked that of Trieste. The frustrated cab driver had been able to describe the fare he didn't get so well that from his description the gendarmes had no trouble in tracing the "foreigner."

Without question, the Englishman, named Harry Price, was in a fix. He had been seen entering the ill-fated cab; nobody saw anybody else get in it after him; nobody saw him get out of it.

And what clinched matters against him: the fingerprints on the gun next to the dead man were unquestionably those of Price—to his own amazement. He denied he had talked with the cab driver, beyond the hasty directions, much less quarreled and killed him. Price said he was on his way to Australia from England, and had just stopped over.

The trouble was that he had bought his ticket to Australia after the news of the cab driver's death was reported in the papers. He had therewith promptly made arrangements to leave Marseilles on the next available boat to Australia, and was packing at the time he was arrested.

Price, however, repeated over and over that he had no reason to kill a man poorer than himself. Besides, he was able to produce an unquestionable alibi. But the officials were unwilling to believe that Price's fingerprints had "flown" and happened to land on the gun by a miracle. If Price said he had an unshakable alibi, they reasoned, then he was lying and the crime must have been premeditated. And if he was in truth richer than his victim, then this "foreigner" was obviously, by their lights, involved in a crime of passion or jealousy.

With this in view they cross-examined the Englishman repeatedly. He was led from his cell to the investigating police officer day after day, and by sheer accident in the narrow passage passed Jean Caquor, who was being brought to another office for questioning about a petty theft of the day before which he stanchly denied.

Surprise, shock, and almost fear spread over the face of the criminal as he looked into the eyes of the Englishman and recognized him. During his questioning he seemed upset and worried, not at all his former cocksure self.

The Englishman, meanwhile, was regarded with darker suspicion than ever, for he had nodded to Jean in the hallway. If he knew persons under police suspicion he was evidently guilty in spite of his denials, and the problem was to find out what he was hiding. Questioned about his acquaintanceship with the man, Price readily related that he had met the man on board the ship from England and repeatedly played cards with him to pass the hours. Jean had invariably won.

"Were they your cards?" Price was asked. His answer was "No."

On these grounds the entire dactyloscopical mystery was cleared up within a few hours. It was discovered that the criminal had used specially prepared cards. Thus when he played with Price, he had a choice of all Price's fingerprints preserved on his cards.

By means of a complicated and ingenious method he had transferred the Englishman's from the cards to a leather glove. He knew that by wearing the glove he could leave the other man's prints anywhere to lead away from himself.

It worked in with his plans that Price said he would stay several days in Marseilles. And so, when Price took a taxi to his destination, Caquor followed in another cab, got off at the corner, and then hailed the one driven by Trieste who had just discharged the English passenger. At the point of a gun, Caquor forced the unhappy taxi driver to turn into a dark side street where they struggled and Trieste died, shot through the temple. For Trieste had begun to cry for help, and Caquor, his jittery fingers over-quick on the trigger, stopped the cry with a bullet, and muffled the bullet sound by hastily starting the car, so that it would seem to have been a backfire. And so the police found the car, with the motor still running, but with the driver dead.

The Englishman would probably have been convicted of this cleverly planted plot, so complete was the evidence against him. Only the chance meeting with his card partner saved him. And because of this near miscarriage of justice, the law is taking lessons from the criminal, so that in the future a forged print can be told from a real one. It is a difficult business, and the experts need all their wits about them to be able to imitate the lying glove.

But they know now that the way to tell a real print from one that is faked is to subject it to a special chemical examination instead of the standard "charcoal test." If real, the print will react with tiny spots of perspiration that were coming out of the living finger at the time it was pressed against the object. For the skin, like a snail, leaves a trail wherever it goes of glistening sweat. And to date no false fingerprint can be made to sweat!

With this in mind, the Marseilles gendarmes are determined that they will not again be fooled as they were in the case of Harry Price, in which they nearly convicted the innocent man and let the guilty one free.

Liquor Board Prints A "Bible" For Drinkers

THE Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board has just published a toper's handbook, called "Are You a Social Drinker?" and written by Dr. Edward A. Strecker, Professor of Psychiatry in the School of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Like a "Baedecker's guide to liquor" it leads the drinker through the hazy world of Pink Elephants and Blue Hangovers without once letting him fall overboard.

It's been hailed as the "Pilgrim's Progress of the ale-room," and may some day be as frequently found in bars as the Bible is in hotels. Yet the story it has to tell is no blue-nosed temperance yarn. Instead, it tells the drinker how and when he can keep on drinking without ever becoming a drunkard. "The mentality that agrees with alcohol," says Dr. Strecker, "will find it enjoyable and even helpful to well-being."

There are some minds, however, which are "allergic to alcohol." For some persons it is a mental poison almost certain to lead to insanity. "D. T's," for example, is the popular phrase for "delirium tremens," a malady so violent that death is often the result.

Again, imaginary voices may persecute and insult the victim of a mind allergic to alcohol. Or there's "leg torture," leading to months in bed often with loss of memory.

"One man's meat is another man's poison," wrote the wise Roman poet Lucretius, and so it is with liquor. Just as some persons can't stand weed pollen or certain foods, so liquor can make people sick—not for any moral reason, but just because the system can't "tolerate" the stuff.

It is only logical that if butter, or milk, or potatoes or fish can make people very ill who are allergic to these foods, the same must be true, in some cases, of alcohol.

There seems to be no other explanation for the fact that a great Greek philosopher like Socrates could drink anybody under the banquet table at any time, while many a truck driver starts to hear birds sing at the first drink. It may seem something to overcome for some persons when they

Some Drinkers, Says the "Bible" Encouraging "Social Drinking," Do Not Remain in Contact With Reality—A Sign That They're Allergic to Alcohol.

find themselves too "sissy" to stand much alcohol. The truth is they may be naturally allergic to it.

Mental allergy is even more dangerous. Men and women who can't "stand" alcohol mentally are like Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes and liquor is the agency that changes their personality just as if it were a real and dreadful potion. Now, there is nothing humiliating or disgraceful about such allergy—it's just a matter of tissue and chemistry, says Dr. Strecker. Only, unfortunately, it's not yet known how to detect whether a person is "mentally sensitive or allergic to alcohol." But experience is the best teacher in finding out who is intolerant to it and who isn't. "In those who have a mental sensitiveness or allergy to alcohol, such traits as unpleasantness are very likely to come quickly to the surface under its influence. This does not mean at all that these people in reality are unpleasant, mean or dangerous. It simply means that on account of the mental allergy, alcohol brings to the surface and releases certain types of behavior." Dr. Strecker also cites the drunkard who picks fights that may end in killing or being killed.

"Less dangerous but equally unpleasant is that form of alcoholic allergy in which the individual becomes sullen and anti-social." An extreme of this is when certain drinkers, even those who don't take much, retire into a deep and brooding melancholia. They never enjoy themselves "under the influence," and for them there's no sense at all in using "elixir of light-heartedness."

In short, if such reactions as these are noted, "then there is something in the make-up of that person which does not mix well with alcohol and he had better leave it alone."

But normal drinking, for those not allergic to it, is what Dr. Strecker calls social drinking. "Alcohol has a social usage which is to make reality more enjoyable. Alcohol sensibly used, well diluted with social intercourse and not taken to excess, tends to minimize some of the irritations, smooth off some of the rough edges and, temporarily at least, ease some of the burdens."

But such pleasure is attained only if the drinker "remains in contact with reality and with his surroundings." One drinks to make life more pleasant, not to escape reality. Since it is true that "life is not all beer and skittles," as the old English proverb has it, it's dangerous to try to keep out of life's reach permanently. Such a drinker "begins by using alcohol as a crutch, but soon the crutch is more important than the help it gives."

What are the danger signals? The great problem for those who drink is not to know when to stop without feeling cheated of that "one more glass," but to avoid having to take a certain number of drinks at regular intervals during the day. This means there is a deep compulsion, beyond mere overindulgence of the moment, and is a serious sign. At parties, to slip himself a "couple of quick ones" before the group breaks up, is a serious sign in any man. If solitary drinking becomes more important than social drinking, that, too, is bad.

Dr. Strecker recommends the following self-examination, honestly answered: Do you and your friends honestly believe that your behavior under the power of alcohol is proper and pleasant? Study the history of your drinking—has it increased dangerously with the passing of time?

Do you gain anything by drinking? In fact, do you gain too much—do you feel your life wouldn't be satisfactory without it? If you do, it's bad. The main point, and something worth trying out now and then, is to make sure you can stop drinking if you want to stop.

The "Ball Of Fire" Ghost That Dances In A Graveyard

MOST intelligent persons believe that an apparition or spectre is only a phantasm of the brain. Nevertheless, the little farming center of Fifield, Wisconsin, once a lumber town, is enjoying a new birth of fame throughout the countryside. It is the proud, though somewhat nervous, possessor of a ghost.

The ghost is the best kind, too—a cemetery ghost—and highly spectacular. It inhabits the Forest Home Cemetery near the main highway just outside Fifield.

The phantom's favorite manifestation is in the guise of a "ball of red fire," according to a number of eyewitness accounts, and it has a disconcerting habit of roaming all over its bailiwick. Sometimes when it is on the loose it gets off the preserve and circles around a nearby barn. The witching hour is from about 9 to 10 o'clock in the evening.

There are some in the village who scoff at the supernatural scamp, but there are many believers. Then there are those unromantic souls who conjecture that the "ghost" may be an electrical phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire, or natural gas, or rays from some hidden source.

At any rate, the highway past the cemetery is now crowded every evening. One Sunday the throng of curious was so great that traffic was at a standstill. Word of the apparition had spread through the north country, and farmers from neighboring counties drive over of an evening in hopes of glimpsing Fifield's ghost.

Alven Marcott was the first witness of the apparition as he walked home past the cemetery one night some months ago. He said a flash of red light inside the graveyard fence caught his eye. As he stood rooted to the ground the "spectre" appeared again.

"It looked like a red ball of fire. It was about two feet in diameter. As I watched, it swayed gently a few feet above the cemetery well, then moved slowly down the west lane and over the west fence to a neighbor's barn. It circled the barn, returned to the well and disappeared."

Alven's father, Arthur, and brother, Leonard, claim to have witnessed similar nocturnal performances. A week later Peter Jeneyick and the elder Marcott were driving past the cemetery gate about 10 p. m. when the phantom nonchalantly rolled across the road 40 feet ahead.

Three days later at 9 p. m., lured by tales of the ghostly sight, three high school girls took up their stand at the graveyard gate. They were Iris Kosak, Sally Bennett and Camilla La Voie. They told of a frightening experience, with a vision of the "ball of red fire."

"It came shortly after 9 o'clock, a distinct ball about as big as a football, glowing red. It floated past within five feet of us. First we were too petrified to move. The thing was rolling all around. Then we ran back to the village. When we stopped running we found ourselves sobbing with fright."

Ghost or not, Fifield's will-o'-the-wisp is currently its most prized possession. While sightseers flock to the graveyard fence, the villagers argue on the street corners. Everybody is either a believer or a scoffer, none is indifferent, and dozens who swear they have witnessed the apparition are the town heroes.

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Tried to Live a Broadway Novel—and It Killed Him

Playboy Jack de Ruyter Wasn't Clever With Words, But By His Deeds Provided Realistic Chapter After Chapter of Romance, Farce, Frivolity and Failure, and Then Death Came, Writing Finis—Instead of a Happy Ending, to the Story

Playboy Jack de Ruyter and Wife No. 2, the Former Merle Rutherford Jones, When They Were Gaily Sliding Through Life Together—but Later She Slid Away from Him, Calling Him a "Broadway Sophomore."

Wife No. 3, the Former Ellen Lewis of Richmond, Va., with Whom Jack Seemed to Be Finally Working Out a Happy Ending, But Death Changed the Plot.

"Put Her Out!"

Mrs. Lois Clarke De Ruyter Spreckels, the First Mrs. De Ruyter, Who Made Him Settle Up When He Wouldn't Settle Down.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Who Created a Crisis by Prematurely Announcing Her Engagement to Jack but Turned Out to Be an Incompleted Chapter.

"Too Rich for Words."

"Man the Pumps."

A LOT of authors have written novels about Broadway life, with its glamour and its heartaches. But Jack de Ruyter, who died the other day at the age of 33, just when he thought he was really beginning to live, had what struck him as a much better idea.

"I can't write in words," he told himself only a few short years ago, "but I can write in real life a Broadway novel that will put all the others in the shade."

So he set out to do it. And his real life novel had everything—a playboy hero, glamour girls galore, night club background, farcical boudoir situations, spontaneous marriages and rapid-fire divorces, everything, in fact, except a happy ending.

Death took care of that, stealing his thunder, so to speak, by writing "The End" long before Jack was ready for it, and incidentally giving a surprise twist that makes his story even more interesting than he thought it would be.

And here is Jack de Ruyter's Broadway novel just as he lived it, chapter by chapter.

CHAPTER I.
Dodging the Curse of Adam

WHEN Jack was a little boy he learned in Sunday school that when the first man on earth was driven from the Garden of Eden it was decreed that "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and that this life sentence applied to all of Adam's descendants, including himself. That didn't please him at all, for he was unable to discover in himself any special taste or aptitude for work, but as he grew older he was considerably cheered up by observing that certain persons, known as playboys, seemed to have gotten themselves paroled by some hook or crook.

To be a playboy, emancipated from all toil and responsibility, one should have rich parents, preferably a doting mother who cannot refuse anything to her darling son. Jack's parents, though well-to-do, couldn't very well support him in the style to which he wanted to become accustomed. As a perfect substitute, however, he had a wealthy and socially prominent aunt, Mrs. Moses Taylor Campbell, who was mighty fond of him and who generously commuted that sentence of a life of labor by supplying him with cash as often and as freely as he asked for it.

CHAPTER II.
Marriage Means Work—So He Resigns.

IT DIDN'T occur to Jack that marriage might mean work. To him it looked more like a gamble, and being a playboy he naturally liked to gamble, so he decided to try it. But the most exciting gambling games, where the stakes are highest, are those that not many people know about. Thus, with a true instinct for running risks he plunged right into matrimony and kept it a secret as long as he could.

But women are celebrated for their inability to keep a secret, so the way the news finally broke was one of those little surprises that kept popping up throughout Jack's brief but novel life. It was at the tag end of one of the biggest society weddings of New York City's 1928 season. The groom at that wedding was not Jack, but Mr. Guernsey Curran, Jr., and the bride was Miss Florence Clarke, the elder daughter of the wealthy banker, Lewis Latham Clarke. The maid of honor was Miss Clarke's sister, Lois, arrayed in baby blue.

When the last old shoe and handful of rice had been thrown and it was all over but the weeping, the maid of honor sighed, smiled and turned to her parents, who were in the usual wedding-shocked state that follows one of these high-society functions.

"I really ought to be called the matron of honor," she said.

"You—what?" demanded Mrs. Clarke, through those mysterious tears which mothers shed after a daughter has gotten her man.

"I mean Jack de Ruyter and I eloped to Elkton, Maryland, in March," Lois informed her. "We've been married over a month."

"Jack what?" gasped Mrs. Clarke.

"Jack de Ruyter."

"Who is he?" moaned her mother.

"Oh, he's all right. He's a nephew of Mrs. Moses Taylor Campbell."

That was all the reference Mrs. Clarke needed for anybody from a butler to a son-in-law. In Newport's golden age, which some people now believe has become somewhat tarnished, Mrs. Campbell was the pal of such society leaders as Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury. Furthermore, Mrs. Campbell was related to Italian princesses and other intriguing creatures.

"Why didn't you tell us?" asked Mr. Clarke, in the tone of a man who isn't sure whether or not he has acquired something tangible or just a frozen asset.

"Oh, I wanted to give Florence a chance to hop off first because she's the oldest, and then Jack thought you might not like it."

But by the time Playboy Jack had become the father of two sons he was convinced that in addition to being a gamble marriage imposes so many duties and restrictions it is really a sort of a job, so he resigned. It looked as if he had drawn a losing hand, and when he spoke to Lois about a new deal all around she was in just the frame of mind for it, and shuffled right off to Reno.

CHAPTER III.
Even Jack's Plots Won't Work.

ONE day in Reno a group of reporters crowded around Lois, and one said:

"Mrs. de Ruyter, we understand your divorce suit has piled up on the rocks all of a sudden, worse than your marriage did; what happened to it?"

"Plenty," said Lois. "I just got a wire from Jack that unless I pay his New York attorney $2,500 and $2,500 more for bills he owes and promise to support our two children, he won't let me have his power of attorney so I can go ahead with my Reno divorce."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm not going to give him a cent! Let Peggy Joyce support him if she likes! And I understand he's gone and brought a suit for alienation of affections against my mother and father for a quarter of a million dollars! Can you imagine! They never had anything to do with our troubles."

Lois was also annoyed at Peggy for pulling a "preview" of their divorce. Before anyone knew that the de Ruyter marriage was getting sickly, Peggy casually announced that she had decided to accept Jack as her sixth husband.

The first Mrs. de Ruyter, who later became the wife of Adolph Spreckels, Jr., the sugar heir, was in a worse spot than she suspected because Jack had quietly started a separation suit in New York charging desertion. Then suddenly his grand plot blew up in his face with a bang that was heard way out in Reno.

CHAPTER IV.
A Double Play, With Two Errors.

MRS. PEGGY RICH, wife of the well-known New York bandmaster, Freddie Rich, had wearied of that particular chapter in her career and in turning over a new leaf was asking for $1,100 a week alimony. She had hardly more than reached first base when Mr. Rich raided her apartment and caught her in a compromising situation with this unwritten novel's hero, Jack de Ruyter. As a result it was Freddie instead of Mrs. Rich who won the divorce. But the same evidence knocked out Jack's separation suit against Lois and left him at her mercy.

The official legal score was two out on a double play, credited to Mr. Rich, and one error each against Jack and Peggy. But Mrs. Rich blamed it all on Jack and apparently by way of retribution, firmly announced their engagement. Though not yet divorced from Lois, he was now betrothed to two Peggies until Peggy Joyce magnanimously withdrew her prior claim.

While waiting for the two divorces to take effect, Mrs. Rich and Mr. de Ruyter decided to cash in on their publicity by appearing together in vaudeville.

Alas, acting, especially rehearsals, proved to be hard work. Jack could not stand it and the act was a flop. Peggy accused him of being a bad actor and just for that he broke their engagement. The woman scorned came back with a $250,000 breach of promise suit, but Jack said she settled for $232 cash.

CHAPTER V.
Help! Man the Pumps!

HAVING no further fear of alimony or heart-balm Jack worked his aunt for her yacht and funds to run it. He started out on what was to have been a romantic cruise on moonlit Long Island Sound with pretty Miss Catherine Sheridan, descendant of the Civil War general who was "20 miles away" when the battle started. But the night was stormy, causing Catherine to wish she was 20 miles away from the water.

Jack promised to fix her up and he certainly did. From the yacht's medicine locker he brought two aspirin tablets and each took one. A little later they howled for help and fainted. When the two returned to consciousness, the pumps were being manned, not the yacht's, but a hospital's stomach pumps. The tablets happened to have been not aspirin but bichloride of mercury. Both recovered.

The playboy called for another card in the game of love and married a very young queen, 17-year-old Merle Rutherford Jones, whose aristocratic and moneyed family hit the lofty ceilings of their Long Island mansion. They begged the girl to put him on probation for a year, promising their blessing if he could behave himself that long and believing that they were betting on a sure thing.

But Merle feared some other woman would capture the prize which seemed an equally safe bet. So, as the divorce lawyers say, they intermarried.

CHAPTER VI.
"The Broadway Sophomore."

MARRIED in haste, the second Mrs. de Ruyter apparently repented with almost equal suddenness, and in less than a year she wrote a somewhat astonishing character sketch of her playboy husband, setting it forth in her divorce complaint, as follows:

"My husband is a product of the headlines, a playboy who has a reputation to maintain and will do it no matter whose heart he breaks in the process. At 30, my husband is still a sophomore, and worse, a Broadway sophomore. Without money, except what he could get from his own family and mine, he is still the town's most lurid playboy, still the gilded youth."

On top of all of that, Merle accused Jack of being a man of novel ideas. Husbands have thrown wives out of doors and windows and down dumbwaiter shafts, in their petulant moments. But Merle credited Jack with a new notion in the course of an argument about going to a night club.

When she refused, she said, he telephoned a protective agency that specializes in burglar alarms and other methods of keeping undesirable persons from getting into houses but hadn't at that time built up any reputation for ejecting wives who have worn out their welcome. Even so, she said, he stood right there in front of her and said over the telephone:

"Have her thrown out!"

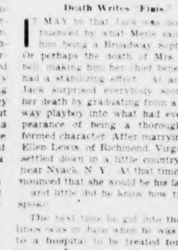
Afterwards he changed his mind and let her go to her bedroom. But her mind was made up beyond any hope of changing. Since he wouldn't settle down he had to settle up, and it wasn't long before that chapter also ended in the divorce court.

CHAPTER VII.
Death Writes "Finis."

IT MAY be that Jack was deeply influenced by what Merle said about him being a Broadway Sophomore. Or perhaps the death of Mrs. Campbell, making him her chief beneficiary, had a stabilizing effect. At any rate, Jack surprised everybody soon after her death by graduating from a Broadway playboy into what had every appearance of being a thoroughly reformed character. After marrying Miss Ellen Lewis of Richmond, Virginia, he settled down in a little country house near Nyack, N. Y. At that time he announced that she would be his last wife—and little did he know how truly he spoke.

The next time he got into the headlines was in June when he was rushed to a hospital to be treated for pneumonia. In an oxygen tent he gasped out: "I feel as if a million bottles were on my chest."

And then death's long hand wrote "Finis" to Jack's unfinished Broadway novel, as it has to so many others.



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Thugs From Bugdom's Murderers Row

The Long Lance Like Snout of the African Mosquito Is a Fateful Weapon. This Ruthless Thing of the Insect World Is as Mean as It Is Homely. Like Its Pestiferous Relatives in This Country and in Europe, the African Mosquito Is a Carrier of Fever and Other Diseases.

IT IS a lucky thing for the nervous system of mankind that human eyes can't see what the magnifying glass does, or this would be a world of horrors worse than the most fantastic author could conceive. Even the most delirium-tremens-ridden drunkard couldn't conjure up in his drunk-crazed imagination the three monstrosities pictured on this page. They are common insects seldom seen in all their ugliness because they are so small.

Few people, when they slap a pesky mosquito which happens to choose them for a feeding ground, realize that with a single swat they are destroying such a formidable looking monster as that shown at the left. Of course, this particular thing happens to be an African mosquito, but he looks very much like the mosquitoes you can find in New Jersey, Arkansas or anywhere else. As a matter of fact, in addition to looking mean, the mosquito can be plenty mean, and small as he is, he is likely to cause more deaths among man than the most savage lion or deadly snake. Yellow fever, the disease that almost ended the attempt to build the Panama Canal, is only one of scores of diseases the mosquito can carry and transmit to man.

The weird looking creature below, which might have flown right out of a nightmare, is a common yellow-edged beetle and nobody who sees him with human eyes would pay much attention to him. But magnify that strange looking head, with its branching antennae and the two savage looking needle-pointed tusks that are always ready to grab unwary prey in their clutches, and you have something that even those brave knights of old who slew dragons, might have ducked.

The mean looking "critter" at the right is the magnified head of a wasp, and if you ever had the misfortune to run into the business end of a wasp, you know it is just as tough as it looks.

Like Some Fantastic Monster Out of a Nightmare Is This Enlarged Portrait of the Head of a Yellow Edged Beetle. Those Scimitar Like Fangs, for Their Size, Are About the Most Potent and Vicious Fighting Tools in Nature.

In the Rogues Gallery of Bugdom, This Wasp Rates as a Pug Ugly. Its Powerful Jaws, a Combination of Fangs and Tongs, Are Capable of Killing Insects Much Larger and Heavier Than the Wasp Itself.

F T S P

P

Monkeys That W B Botanists

SINGAPORE.

A COUPLE of ordinary monkeys who have been taught some extraordinary tricks are doing their bit to aid science in the Botanic Gardens in this city, and have done such a good job that Director R. E. Holttum, head of the gardens, has praised them in his official report as two of his most valuable helpers.

The monkeys, named Jackie and Peter, do the really hard work in the garden by climbing to the tops of tall tropical trees, where some of the really exotic flowers for seed-gathering is another seed to grow. It would be a difficult and dangerous job for any man to climb all the trees in the garden in search of specimens, but it's a cinch for the monkeys who scamper up to the branches hop from limb to limb and seem to enjoy it.

At first the Subject had a little trouble because the monkeys tried to eat most of the flowers they picked, but by giving them plenty of bananas beforehand, that has been overcome. Other botanists wonder whether it is quarter for the monkeys to have started the trick or amateur on the part of Director Holttum, who gets a hate for some for a few bananas.

GLOBE PHOTOS

The Suit Above and the Hat at the Right Originated in England and Both Are as Bizarre as Anything Paris Has Turned Out in Years.

D S C D

N

PARIS

NEWSPAPERS who go imaginative fellow, perhaps disaster coming to the earth from war-like Mars, may not be far wrong in the opinion of Dr. Maurice Faure, French scientist, except that the disasters come from the sun, he believes. And instead of happening some time in the far future, those mishaps are taking place today.

Dr. Faure and a group of fellow scientists are gathered at Nice, France, to study the result of 20 years of statistics which seem to prove that unusual manifestations of sunspots are almost invariably followed by disasters of one sort or another on this earth. Most scientists have believed for some time that great catastrophes such as drouth, floods and earthquakes may have some mysterious connection with sunspots, but Dr. Faure and his colleagues point out that these odd phenomena may also affect the human brain in some manner as to cause unusual carelessness, an outburst of latent criminality and so on.

After an unusual series of sunspots in January, this year, France was beset by an unprecedented wave of trips to cars.

T K E

I C

QUEENIE, a female elephant at the zoo at Vincennes, France, is looked upon by her keepers as a perfect mother. With one offspring of her own to bring up, Queenie has adopted another elephant baby, and is raising the two of them, and seeing that mother gets more than its share of anything, including peanuts.

It all came about when another elephant at the zoo had a "baby" just a few days after Queenie's little one was born. But instead of being pleased about it, as Queenie was, this other mother refused to have anything to do with her big-eared daughter, and was so savage about it that keepers were afraid the poor little animal would be killed.

Then Queenie stepped in, drove the other mother away, and took the latest arrival under her own sheltering trunk. Queenie loved them both and when the other mother, apparently repentant, tried to get her own child back a few days later, Queenie chased her all over the elephant pen.

GLOBE PHOTO

This Remarkable Picture of Maternal Affection Was Snapped at the Zoo in Vincennes, France. The Youngster Was Abandoned by Its Own Mother and This She-Elephant, Although She Has a "baby" of Her Own, Adopted It.

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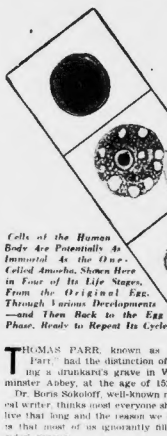
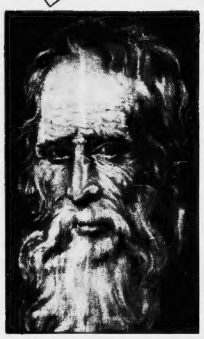
Why Everyone Should Live to Be 150

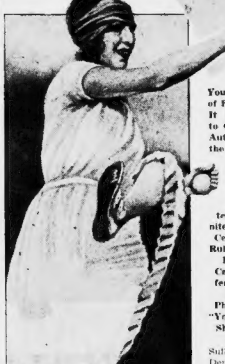
No Such Thing As Natural Death; Old Age a Mere Symptom of Disease; Short Lives Due to Bad Government of Body Cells, and, Dr. Sokoloff, Noted Medical Author Adds, Fatigue Is Man's Worst Enemy



Cells of the Human Body Are Potentially As Immortal As the One-Celled Amoeba, Shown Here in Four of Its Life Stages, From the Original Egg, Through Various Developments —and Then Back to the Egg Phase, Ready to Repeat Its Cycle.



Living for a Century and a Half, As Did Thomas Parr, Who Died At the Age of 152, Should Be the Rule, Says the Scientist, Instead of the Exception.



The Late Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, Once the Tennis Champion, Who Died the Other Day At the Age of 39 From Anemia Which Resulted From An Over Expenditure of Energy.

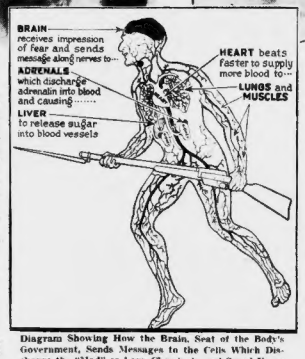


Diagram Showing How the Brain, Seat of the Body's Government, Sends Messages to the Cells Which Discharge the "Mad" or Lazy Chemicals, and Speed Up or Retard the Vital Organs, Whose Degree of Exception Has An Effect on the Number of Years We Live.

EUROPEAN PHOTO

Two Photographs of Helen Jacobs, Tennis Star, Showing How Physical Exhaustion Can Change the Appearance of a Healthy Girl. Above, She Appears As a Youthful, Vigorous Athlete. Below, She Shows the Effects of Fatigue and Overexertion, Following Her Heroic Attempts to Eclipse Her Rival, Helen Wills Moody.

THOMAS PARR, known as "Old Parr," had the distinction of filling a drunkard's grave in Westminster Abbey, at the age of 152.

Dr. Boris Sokoloff, well-known medical writer, thinks most everyone should live that long and the reason we don't is that most of us ignorantly fill suicides' graves.

It is generally taken for granted that when a person succeeds in dying of old age he must have done about all anyone possibly could to preserve his health and thereby manage to reach a natural and inevitable end. Dr. Sokoloff in his latest book, "Middle Age Is What You Make It," published by Greystone Press, N. Y., disputes that there is any such thing as natural death for a human being and points out that there is really nothing natural about old age, which is merely the symptoms of a disease which can come on at any age. Young people have died of it before they were old enough to vote.

As others have remarked, the cells of the body are potentially just as immortal as the tiny, one-celled amoeba which, under favorable condition, never ages. The amoeba, however, is a rugged individualist who plays the game of life alone, surviving or perishing entirely by his own efforts and luck. The body cells are citizens of a cellular totalitarian state, greater in numbers than the population of the entire earth. Unless these cells cooperate they cannot exist at all. Such a complicated organism must be bossed which is done by the endocrine glands and the sympathetic, or vegetative, nervous system.

There, Dr. Sokoloff says, is the weak spot in the human organism, where old age and most of the diseases of middle life start, much as the curse of modern nations is the weakness of the politicians who rule and ruin them. When the control system loses its grip, permitting the individual cells to get out of hand, they poison, sicken or prevent each other from getting proper nourishment, as would happen in a great city, if police and sanitary regulations should be generally disobeyed.

A person with a lame leg favors it and a man with a weak heart knows better than to go in for foot races but instead of shielding our feeble control system, Dr. Sokoloff says we abuse it, thereby inviting old age to come early. One of the most important links of the governing group, which seems to get knocked groggy first, is the adreno-sympathetic system. Like the rest of the body government, this is free from direct control by the will but we can, and do, sabotage it indirectly. Lack of vitamins and other forms of faulty diet are one of the methods which have been much discussed lately but few realize the disastrous results of overfatigue.

One of the effects of repeated overfatigue is pernicious anaemia, which recently killed Suzanne Lenglen, at the age of 39. Yet the woman had been blessed with almost perfect health and vigor, good enough to make her perhaps the greatest woman tennis player of all time, possibly as healthy an animal as old Parr. George B. Shaw though he probably never hurt himself much by physical overexercise nor his freak diets, often overexerted himself in writing and making speeches. His doctor has ordered him to stop writing and even to stop talking, in the hope of saving him from that same disease. Writing, speaking and even perfectly silent thinking are now known to involve much nervous and muscular activity in other parts of the body than the brain.

Teachers, parents and other authorities have often wondered why children are born lazy and inattentive and so many of them never get over these vices. Now it is realized that Nature placed them there for the same protective reason that governors are sometimes placed on engines. Science even knows what the laziness chemical is —lactic acid— and how it works.

The young child plays vigorously, often at top speed for a few minutes, then, pleasantly tired, rests a few moments before going at it again. What has happened inside of his small body is this: When he is thrilled by the sight of a dog or another child or most any excuse, his adrenal glands pour into the blood adrenalin, the action chemical which makes the muscles of the little body exert themselves with full vigor. But the moment the muscular action starts, the muscles begin to secrete lactic acid, the lazy chemical. In a short time the lazy chemical more than neutralizes the action chemical in the blood and the child, feeling not exhausted, but pleasantly, lazily tired, stops for a rest. Quickly both chemicals disappear from the blood leaving the child in a normal condition ready to start the cycle all over again. It is hard to get a child to overtax himself physically or mentally though he may act as if in the last stages of exhaustion.

It is safe to say that Mlle. Lenglen never overexerted herself with a hoop or jumping rope because she was exercising for the fun of it. But later, ambition to become what she did become, the tennis marvel of her time, trained the will to drive the body to the extreme limits. Overworking of the adrenals in youth usually means that they are worn out and underactive in early middle life. It happened to kill her through pernicious anaemia but it might have been coronary thrombosis or angina pectoris. Had she been less relentless, just the wrinkles, grey hair, obesity and other common symptoms of age might have been the penalty.

One has only to look at pictures of Gertrude Ederle a few years before and a few after swimming the English Channel to see what physical exhaustion can do to a healthy girl. To a lesser degree this can be seen in photographs of Helen Jacobs after her heroic attempts to eclipse the triumphs of Helen Wills Moody. Mrs. Moody, though actually three years older, seems to be a mysterious exception to the rapid aging of athletes. This is because her physician father taught his daughter to save her strength and to snatch intervals of relaxation, even in the midst of championship duels, just as the heart rests an instant between beats.

It is an art in which all long-lasting champions have excelled. Mrs. Moody, Tilden and other real champions often are seen to become lazy, indifferent, apparently throwing a set away. They are not throwing it but selling it at a ruinous price, forcing their opponents to race back and forth across the court, burning up their reserve of adrenalin. In the next sets the champion wakes up, puts on the pressure and the spectators wonder why the adversary goes all to pieces. John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey scorned to spare themselves in combat until a couple of adrenalin-misers named Corbett and Tunney came along and upset them. Joe Louis, however, doesn't believe in it. He tried energy economy against Schmeling the first time and took a beating for his pains. The next bout he leaped to the kill and won in a round, after which nobody could tell Joe anything about his adrenals.

When a grown-up person faces a sudden emergency, the adrenals, also called the "mad glands" fly into action, pouring out the action chemical, while the vegetative nervous system, to conserve energy, stops the digestive tract for the duration of the emergency, during which the person is able to perform physical prodigies. All the while the muscles are filling the blood with lactic acid which calms him down when the footpad has been vanquished or the wild cat driven off. Otherwise he would be a madman beating up the neighbors and even the cop running to his assistance.

Lactic acid has been found useful in an entirely different manner. The brain burns it, which may explain why in moments of deadly peril, the mind sometimes works with superhuman speed and inspiration. It would explain why the exhausted drowning man, his brain flooded with lactic acid, sees his whole life pass before him in review.

Shutting off the power in the digestive tract, while a person is fighting or running for his life, is an excellent idea but it also happens in lesser degree when it is not so good. The great writer Voltaire suffered so much from indigestion that his doctor placed him on the most abstemious diet he thought could sustain his strength. But the unusually observant patient discovered that something else was involved. He noted that when he dined with others, he had his indigestion no matter what he ate, whereas when he dined alone, he could digest much more than the doctor permitted. It was Voltaire who said:

"The way to be stupid is to tell it all."

Since most people do that very thing when they talk, it was a constant annoyance to this master of words. Any annoyance starts up the flow of adrenalin and cuts down the nervous voltage to the digestive system, in varying degrees, because in the past, annoyances were usually heralds of a fight, for which it was prudent for the annoyed animal to prepare itself. By dining alone, Voltaire got the better of his nervous indigestion.

Many people who get sick every time they dine out, blame it to restaurant cooking when it is really the subconscious annoyance caused by the music. It is not the dinner but the din that goes with it which the diner cannot digest. Since the gland responds to any sort of annoyance, its breakdown may be hastened by boisterous guests and even incompatible members of the household, at any hour of the day and by neighbors' radios, dogs and loud conversation during sleeping hours.

A thunderclap will wake the sleeper but, unless afraid of the lightning, he will usually turn over and sleep through the rest of the storm. Yet the slamming of a neighbor's screen door not only wakes him but keeps him awake a long time. This is because he knows it is a selfish, inconsiderate act which makes him angry, causes the adrenalin to pour out, fitting him for action, not sleep. If the law permitted him to go out and thrash the neighbor, the agreeable exercise would produce enough lactic acid to put him to sleep as soon as it was over.

Old Parr was an English farmer who, for the first century and a quarter of his life seems to have led about as dull an existence as could be imagined. A naturally perfect physical specimen, he appears to have been innocent of any ambition whatever except to do enough healthy outdoor toil to win himself three simple meals and a quiet place to sleep.

During his extraordinary span of life, Thomas Parr heard indifferently that ten British Monarchs had plotted, connived and gotten onto the throne and nine of them worried themselves into their graves. Wars came and went including the mighty threat of the Spanish Armada, but old Parr didn't care as long as the sun continued to rise and set. Having no ambitions, no worries, no interest in life, his adrenals remained practically as good as new.

Nobody knows how long this human vegetable would have continued to cheat the grave, if greatness had not been thrust on him. At the age of 130, the Earl of Arundel brought the old codger to London and introduced him to King Charles I. This made him a curiosity and celebrity, welcome at most any big banquet and sure of a living without toil.

Between his important engagements, lesser people, in order to hear this living fossil give reminiscences of the dead past, plied him with liquor, something he had rarely been able to afford in his previous 130 years. In spite of this heavy drinking and heavy eating of strange and rich London food, Parr lasted till to the age of 152 winning a grave in the same hall of fame with the ten Kings and Queens who had ruled him.

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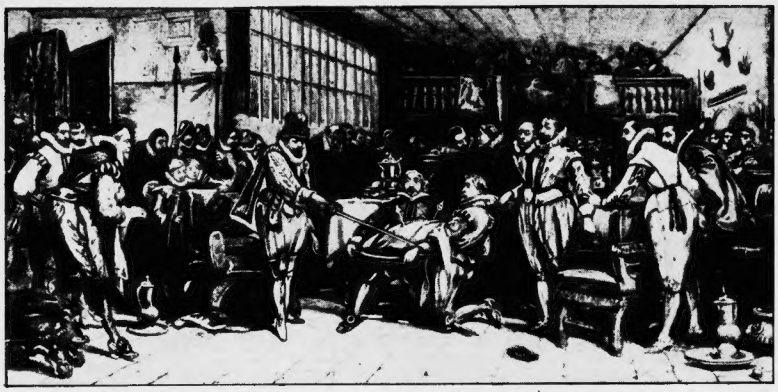
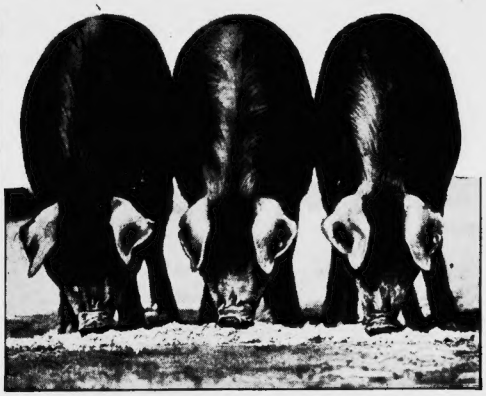
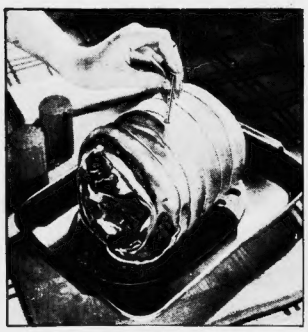
Science Discovering Why It's Good for You to Eat Meat



How Sirloin Got Its Name—King Charles II Thought So Highly of This Fine Cut of Beef That He Knighted It in the Historic Old Friday Hall, Chingford, Essex, England, Saying, as He Touched His Sword to It: "I dub thee Sir Loin." From the Painting by Charles Cattermole.



Three Champion American Hogs Bred by the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College to Make the Largest Proportion of Useful Meat, With the Pork Chops All of the Same Size.

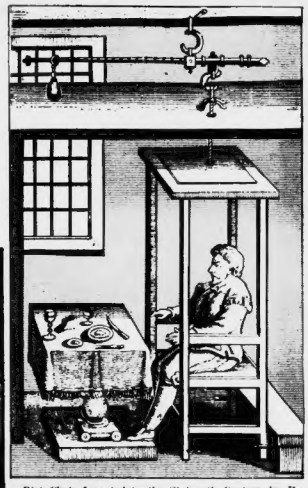


Modern Scientific Cooks Use a Special Thermometer Thrust Into the Roast to Make Sure Just How the Inside Is Cooked.

Experiments Show That Not Only Energy but Many Little Known Materials Needed to Build Bone and Muscle and to Feed the Glands, Nerves and Other Tissues Are Provided by Animal Foods

Photograph of a Model Showing How Atom Patterns Are Built Up Into the Molecules of Proteins Contained in Meat, as Constructed by Miss Dorothy Wrinch, of Oxford University.

Mr. Earl E. Robbins With His Prize Shorthorn Bull, "Browndale Sultan," Selected Grand Champion Over More Than 150 Competing Animals, and Illustrating How Modern Cattle Are Bred Carefully, Generation After Generation, to Provide the Best Meat, Milk or Other Selected Products.



Diet Chair Invented in the Sixteenth Century by Dr. Santorio Santorio, of the University of Padua, in Italy, So That Experiments Could Be Made on the Exact Weights of Food and Drink Which Any Person Needs.

By E. E. FREE, Ph.D.,
Consulting Chemist and Scientific Adviser to The American Weekly.

RAISING meat is the second greatest American industry, in some years it is the greatest one. More than a fifth of the American population get their livings more or less completely by raising meat animals, butchering them and distributing the products. Meat seems to be the one article of human diet that people keep on eating year after year and century after century, regardless of changing theories and fads.

Yet nobody ever knew just why. There even have been people in every generation to assert that meat ought never be eaten at all, and scientists who felt sure that these critics were wrong were not able to tell them precisely why they were wrong.

A few years ago at Glasgow University, in Scotland, tests on athletes proved that none could get along well on a diet of vegetable foods alone. But not even the Glasgow experts could tell inquirers exactly why that was true, although they were able to guess. New the guesses that have been made about this important problem of the necessity of animal foods in human diets begin to be confirmed and amplified by new discoveries, chiefly about certain important life chemicals called amino acids.

A few days ago, at the meeting of the American Medical Association at San Francisco, one of the delegates, Dr. Robert Elman of St. Louis, reported the perfection of injections by which these essential amino acids can be supplied to the body through hypodermic needles, opening new medical hope for victims of stomach disorders or other conditions in which no food can be digested in the ordinary way.

Not that the supply of amino acids is the only duty of meat, or that meat is the only food that scientists now recommend. Still other important food elements, especially iron and potassium, are provided by the meat in meals, but meals of meat and nothing else still are frowned on by the most modern diet experts, just as always.

It is true enough that a person can live for a time on meat alone, or even on vegetables alone; but the more that science learns about food and its use in the body, the more it seems that the old idea of variety is the right one, plus making sure that the cook sets before you in the course of a year as many different kinds of food as possible and foods coming from as many different sources.

As will appear later, this matter of different sources is especially important—which may be one reason why the wide-spread meat packing industry of the world, bringing to tables all over the country meats from animals raised in remote parts of it, is making important contributions to national vigor and health.

It is no accident that the meat packing industry is the largest and best organized in the United States, with the possible exception of the automobile industry. Just as the automobile industry has developed its famous "production lines," on which automobiles are assembled and finished at costs so low that they would have seemed unbelievable to engineers only a generation ago, so the packing industry, under the inventive stimulus of the late Philip Danforth Armour, developed what might be called its "disassembly line," on which the carcasses of slaughtered animals are taken apart and prepared for use in much the same way that automobiles are put together.

Into the great group of meat packing houses in Chicago come a daily average of 45,000 animals intended for human food. On one record day, in 1910, the total was 49,720.

In other great meat-packing centers, chief of which are Omaha and Kansas City, a total of six or seven times this many animals appears each average day.

By the methods of the old-fashioned farm butcher, preparing this enormous daily ration of meat for the country's dinner tables would be an absolute impossibility, but nobody tries to do it that way. Instead, the whole operation is now mechanical.

Hung on mechanical carriers like the moving assembly belt of an automobile factory, the animal's carcass moves through the succession of washings, inspections, separations in sections and so on that the industry requires. Good cuts of edible meats are trimmed and prepared for local butcher shops all over the country. Glands are extracted and refrigerated, for use in making products now indispensable in medicine. Necessary waste is separated and used for animal foods or fertilizers. Bones are converted into fertilizer and glue, although one of the newest ideas is that some of these, too, should be saved and eaten by human beings.

The traditional statement is that the meat packers save everything but the squeal, and it is a good thing that they do, for one boast of the packing industry is that it turns back to the cattle-raising or hog-raising farmers every cent that it receives for edible meat from local butcher shops. All the expenses and profits of the meat-packing companies are paid out of the by-products that modern scientific methods produce from the bones, internal organs and so on, which once were wasted.

Another great scientific accomplishment of the packing industry is credited to another leading pioneer, the late Gustavus F. Swift, who perfected the refrigerator car. In the old days meats either had to be raised and butchered locally or else shipped on the hoof. When neither of these was possible, salted or preserved meats had to be used and practical people found out long ago what the most modern scientific researches have confirmed, that preserved meat is not the equal, so far as the health of the eater is concerned, of fresh meat.

By the development of refrigerator cars, in which fresh meat killed and dressed in any one of the great packing plants in meat-raising centers can be shipped anywhere in perfect preservation and condition, it became possible for cattle raised thousands of miles away to provide steaks for the table of every American, or for hogs from equally distant regions to provide the pork chops. And all of this has an important meaning for national nutrition not even suspected when the refrigeration system was worked out.

All meat shipped by the larger packing companies is subject to Federal inspection, in which skilled and experienced Government agents examine each animal and each piece of meat taken from the animal, to make sure that the animal was healthy and the meat is wholesome. This is attested by the familiar blue-ink stamp of the inspector somewhere on the carcass. Since this ink is perfectly harmless, the occasional fear of "poisoning" from eating meat near this stamp is foolish. Instead of being uncertain, the housewife should be glad that the meat she buys does carry the stamp, as an additional assurance of wholesomeness and purity.

If all this trouble and expense and organization of a giant industry were based merely on the fact that people like to eat meat, that might satisfy the economist, but most people will look for a still better reason, just as there are deeper and sounder reasons for the automobile industry than the mere desire for people to own a car or take vacation trips on holidays.

These deeper reasons for the meat industry and for mankind's universal desire to eat meat are just what science is beginning to discover through studies of the amino acids and other previously neglected food materials.

The substances called amino acids have been known for a long time but no one knew a great deal about them. In meat and in the bodies of all living organisms, there are things called proteins: complicated chemical compounds of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and other elements, and which are believed to be characteristic of all kinds of life. Even the tiniest animalcules that scientists can find under their microscopes contain these proteins in their bodies.

Recently in England, Dr. Dorothy Wrinch of Oxford University discovered that the hundreds of thousands of atoms in any one kind of protein are arranged in sheets with patterns in them, like the patterns of interlacing threads in an old-fashioned knitted shawl. Just as the knitter of such a shawl can arrange the threads and knots in different ways to make millions of different patterns, so it seems that atoms in a protein may be put together to make millions of different compounds.

One discovery is that the proteins in any one animal are different from those in any other animal. Even different races of human beings seem to have slightly different proteins. Differences in proteins explain the blood groups into which human beings are divided and many similar things. By slight re-arrangement of the atoms in the sheet-like pattern, some proteins become poisons.

At first sight, this would seem to make protein foods almost impossible. If the proteins in the human body are special kinds, possessed only by the human species or even by a single race of that species, it might seem that the only way to get useful protein food would be by cannibalism. Only one's close relatives would be good to eat, because no other kind of food would have exactly the proteins needed.

Fortunately, Nature has got around this difficulty by providing that protein foods are not absorbed as such, but in the form of simpler chemical building stones for the proteins.

These are the amino acids.

Years ago, chemists discovered that if the ordinary proteins of meat or from other sources are treated with powerful chemical reagents, the proteins come apart into simpler compounds. These are chemically more or less alike, which is why they are all called amino acids, but each differs from the other in slight details of chemical constitution.

It is a good deal as though the knitter of the old-fashioned shawl first knitted a lot of duplicates of small pieces of fabric following a limited number of patterns. These small bits then could be sewed together like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, to make the complete pattern desired.

This seems to be what Nature does with the amino acids. At least 22 of these acids are known and all can be obtained by the chemical break-up of various kinds of protein. Out of these 22 elementary chemical patterns, with perhaps a few others not yet discovered individually, Nature manages to put together all the thousands or possibly millions of kinds of proteins that exist.

As it has been expressed by Dr. A. Kossel, there are almost as many different amino acids as the letters of the alphabet, and just as these letters can be put together into thousands of different words or sentences expressing millions of ideas, so Nature puts together the 22 amino acids into millions of different sheet-like patterns making the different proteins.

The problem of protein foods then becomes simpler. Instead of eating one's relatives to get the precise kinds of proteins that one's body demands, all that is needed is to eat the proper amino acids or something containing them. Proteins quite different from those in the human body may contain the same amino acids. In the human digestive system, all the foreign proteins are broken up into the unit amino acids they contain. These amino-acid units then are absorbed and nothing else is necessary. The amino acids circulate in the blood. Each body cell takes up the particular amino acids that it needs and each cell then builds the special protein pattern wanted in its own constitution.

Not even all the 22 known amino acids are necessary. Most of what now is known about the role of these acids

(Continued on Page 17)

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Raising Crops in Swamps Where the Dragon Guarded the Golden Fleece

Russia's Reclamation Project That Has Turned the Bog of Colchis, Fabled Pit of Black Magic, Into Fertile Citrus Plantations

Farms Rising Now Perhaps on the Very Scene Where Jason Won the Treasure With the Help of Princess Medea's Witchcraft

The Sorceress, Medea, Throwing Her Younger Brother Into the Sea to Slow Up Her Father's Pursuit and Thus Enable Her Lover, Jason, to Escape With the Golden Fleece.
—Painting by the Inglis Artist, H. J. Draper.

Perhaps On This Very Spot Where the Reclamation Project Is Well Under Way, the Battle Between Jason and the Dragon Occurred, if There Was Any Basis of Truth to the Famous Mythological Adventure

WITH modern scientific sorcery that probably would make the witch-Princess Medea envious, the Soviet Government is reclaiming the bogs where she practiced her black magic for the production of citrus crops. It was in this now fertile river valley, known in ancient times as Colchis, that Medea's sweetheart Jason, according to Greek mythology, wrested, with the aid of her sorcery, the Golden Fleece from the guardianship of a sleepless dragon in order to win back his stolen kingdom of Iolcus.

Dredges are now at work draining the swamps and filling them with rich soil and soon rows of orange trees and grapefruit groves will grow over the very places where Jason wooed Medea, where he yoked to a plow two fire-breathing bulls and where he sowed the teeth of the dragon from which a crop of armed men instead of citrus fruit sprang up.

Collective farms are being built on the banks of the river Rion which used to overflow its banks in the spring to create the liquid swampland. The river bed has been deepened, the banks strengthened and a new farming territory, called Kolkhida, from the Greek "Colchis," has been formed.

It was over this territory that King Aeetes, Medea's clever father, once ruled. Here, too, did the ram of the Golden Fleece bring Phrixus and Helle, children of Nephele, queen of Thessaly.

The ancient Greek legend, as dramatized in the plays of Euripides and Seneca, begins when Athamas, king of Thessaly, tiring of Nephele, decides to look around for someone else. Nephele hates the thought of her children being raised by a step-mother so she asks Mercury, messenger of the gods, to come to her aid. He sends her a ram whose fleece is golden and she places her children on its back. The ram flies away, carrying the children, but Helle's grip is weak and she falls off into the sea, which was called, in her memory, the Hellespont.

Phrixus, the boy, manages to hold on and the ram lands him safely in Colchis. The king, Aeetes, welcomes the boy, who decides to sacrifice the ram to Jupiter and give the Golden Fleece to Aeetes, who hangs it on a sacred tree under the watchful eyes of a dragon which never sleeps.

Running parallel to this, is the story of Jason and his stolen kingdom.

Jason was the son of the King of Iolcus who grew tired of governing and during Jason's minority gave the reins of state to Pelias, his brother. When Jason became of age he demanded his kingdom back, but crafty Pelias said he would give it to him only on the condition that he would bring him the Golden Fleece.

Part of the Conquest of Kolkhida, The First Planting In the State of Grapefruit by a Georgian Farmer Who Has Acquired His Land by Permission of the Soviet Government.

Impetuous Jason was overjoyed at the thought of the adventure and ordered Argus to build him a boat larger than any other, a boat to hold fifty men. This gigantic "Leviathan" was manned by perhaps the most famous crew that ever sailed a ship. There were Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, Nestor, Castor and Pollux and many others. All were later to become the heroes and demi-gods of ancient Greece. They were called the "Argonauts" from the name of the vessel "Argo," so-called after its builder, Argus, by the grateful Jason.

The crew had many exciting adventures on the way from Thessaly to Colchis, including the choking of the Harpies, and not the least of these adventures was navigating their way through the Symplegades, or Clashing Islands, islands which floated on the top of the sea and which knocked together like immense buoys on a high sea. The Argo ran the gamut successfully, although the stern of the boat was actually grazed by the islands knocking into it, so the legend goes.

When Jason finally landed in Colchis he told Aeetes what he wanted but the king was not so willing to turn over the Fleece. He told Jason he could have it if he would yoke to the plough two fire-breathing bulls with brazen, or brass feet, and sow the teeth of a dragon slain by Cadmus, founder of Thebes, which Aeetes knew would spring up into a crop of armed warriors who would turn against the man that had sown the teeth. Jason didn't know this and innocently agreed to the conditions.

Meanwhile Phrixus had married Circe, Aeetes' daughter, whose favorite trick was to turn men into swine. But Aeetes had another lovely daughter, Medea, who had magical hobbies just as interesting and devastating as her sister's.

While Jason was getting in shape for his bout with the bulls he met Medea who promised to help him if he would marry her. All she was looking for was a passport out of Colchis, for she was tired of court life and wanted to see the world. She gave Jason a charm to protect him from fire and swords.

When the day came for the big fight everyone in Colchis lined the banks of the Rion to watch Jason do the impossible. One old account by Thomas Bulfinch says:

"The brass-footed bulls rushed in, burning up the herbage with their fire breath. The sound was like the roar of a furnace, and the smoke like that of water on quick-lime. Jason advanced boldly to meet them. Regardless of their breath he soothed their rage with his voice, patted their necks with his fearless hand and slipped the yoke over their shoulders and compelled them to drag the plough. The Colchians were amazed; the Greeks shouted for joy."

Jason Fighting for the Golden Fleece Seen Hanging From the Limb of the Tree Under Protection of the Monster. From an Old Book on Mythology.

Jason next sowed the dragon's teeth and ploughed them in. Soon a crop of armed men sprang up and began to brandish their swords. Jason kept them off for a while with his sword and shield until he found himself overcome and resorted to the charm that Medea had given him. He seized a stone and threw it in the midst of his foes. They began to fight each other and soon there was not one of them alive. Jason was the hero of the day and Medea fell for him head over heels.

The clever king Aeetes had imposed these almost impossible tasks in order to keep the Golden Fleece for himself but he had one trick up his sleeve. Jason still had to lull to sleep the dragon and snatch the Fleece from the branch of a tree.

Jason approached the dragon cautiously and scattered over him a preparation Medea had given him. At the smell, the dragon relaxed, stood motionless for a moment, turned over on his side and fell fast asleep. Jason seized the Golden Fleece and with Medea and his Greek friends ran for their ship before Aeetes could catch up with them. They made their way back to Thessaly and Jason delivered the Fleece to Pelias. But what became of the Fleece afterwards no one knows. It had no magical properties and perhaps Jason found it was not worth all the trouble he went to after all.

Jason was glad to get the Golden Fleece but he felt one thing was lacking, the presence of his father, the aged and infirm former King of Iolcus. He asked Medea if, by her magic, she could take some years off his life and add them on to his father's. Medea said she thought her witchcraft could do the trick without adding any years on to Jason's life.

One dark night she addressed her invocations and incantations to Hecate, the moon, the goddess of the underworld, and all the other gods and goddesses with whom she had a pull. She erected two altars and laid the old man in front of them. Then she made a brew of herbs, the entrails of a wolf and soft, magic stones from the East which she stirred with a dead twig. Suddenly the twig burst into bloom. Seeing that all was ready Medea cut the old king's throat and poured into his mouth the steaming juice from the caldron. His white hair and beard assumed the blackness of youth, his pale face became suffused with the glow of health, he sprang up a young man—the age of his own son.

Medea, the Sorceress, Daughter of King Aeetes, Whose Magical Power and Love for Jason Enabled the Argonauts to Return With the Golden Fleece and Regain Jason's Kingdom.
From Painting by N. Sichel.

Certainly Medea must have had some regrets for all the trouble she went to. To throw her father off the trail when the Argo left Colchis she dismembered her little brother and threw him into the sea. This distracted her father's attention, for he had to pick up the pieces before he could continue his pursuit.

Back in Iolcus, the daughters of Pelias, Jason's wicked uncle, saw what Medea had done for the old king and wanted her to do the same for their father. Medea pretended to consent and prepared her altars and caldron. Medea showed how she worked in an experiment with an old sheep. Pelias' daughters were delighted when a young lamb frisked away in place of the old sheep. But Medea prepared her caldron for Pelias in a different way. She put in only water and a few deadly herbs. She instructed the daughters to cut their father's throat so that the magic juice could be poured into his veins. They smote him with their weapons but Pelias woke up and cried out, "My daughters, would you kill your own father?" Their courage failed them and Medea had to strike the fatal blow. She escaped in time to bring Jason back to seize his kingdom.

When Jason got his kingdom back, with Corinth thrown in for good measure, Medea's troubles began all over again. Jason was puffed up with pride over his feats, quite forgetting that Medea's magic had been responsible, and fell in love with the beautiful vamp, Glauce, whom he met in Corinth. Medea was stung with jealousy and fashioned a dress which she dipped in poison which would kill the wearer. According to legend she sent her own children by Jason to Glauce with the fatal dress. The people of Corinth later stoned the children to death for for the part they played in the murder.

When Glauce put the dress on, it burst into flames and she jumped into a well, whose legendary site is believed to have been recently uncovered by an archeological expedition sent out by Princeton University.

After the children were stoned to death, Medea mixed a poison broth from their blood to bewitch Jason. The charm didn't work and Medea, to escape his anger, fled to Athens where she made life miserable for her second husband, Aegeus. Jason was glad to get rid of his terrible mate and probably lived uneventfully ever after in his kingdom. Centuries after Medea's departure from Colchis, her native land was spoken of with dread as being the birthplace of sorcery and black magic.

This land has a historical as well as legendary past. In more modern times it was a lively center of trade, linking the countries bordering on the Black Sea with those on the Mediterranean and Aegean. Several Greek colonies were founded on its coast, but its people were so different from the surrounding races that Herodotus and others believed they had sprung from the remnants of Sesostris' army and were Egyptians.

Climatically this region is one of the most valuable for sub-tropical cultivation. More than 37,000 acres have been reclaimed and settled. Tea plantations, as well as oranges and grapefruit groves, have been planted.

A network of gravel roads is being laid out, connecting the seaport city of Poti with the rest of Colchis and other parts of Georgia. Formerly this city was nearly an island, being surrounded for most of the year by water from the Rion and Kaparchi rivers. Now it is circled by a huge bank and a drainage canal carries the surplus water to the Black Sea.

Nine parallel canals run through Colchis and each is harnessed by levees and dams. The fertile silt is being deposited over an area of more than 7,500 acres.

Woodland zones are being laid out to give wind protection to the crops and great numbers of eucalyptus trees are being planted as natural pumps to drain the soil.

Within the next few years there will be 3,500 families living in this district. The government is attracting farmers with the promise of electric light and telephone systems, as well as up-to-date plumbing. They hope to make certain parts of Colchis a Far Eastern Riviera to attract tourists from Central Europe.

One of the major attractions will doubtless be the scene of Jason's triumphs, for the Soviet is sending down scientists and archeologists to see if they can uncover any places which might be even remotely connected with the old myth. It is certain that there was some truth to most of the old legends, even though they became grossly exaggerated with constant retelling. The men of the future may be telling stories about the golden crops that sprang up almost overnight, as if by magic, in the swamplands of Colchis, outrivalling the Golden Fleece of Jason and its magic appearance on the back of a ram. But the Soviet is concerned now with raising a "golden fleece" of citrus crops and in this its success will probably be more lasting than Medea's feats.

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One Way to Take Your Best Girl for a Ride

Ross Allen, of Silver Springs, Florida, Takes His Pretty Partner, Miss Florence Bogar, for a Thrilling and Dangerous Submarine Ride on the Back of a Full-Grown Alligator. The Ugly Saurian Is Getting Ready to Buck and, If Possible, Snap an Arm or a Leg From One or Both of the Nervy Hitch-Hikers.

"GLOBE PHOTOS

THE GAY young blades who did their courting in the heyday of the buggy and the bicycle thought they were "some pumpkins" when they rode out with their girls of a Sunday afternoon. And so did the bustled and beribboned young women who sat primly beside their beaus, if the vehicle was a buggy, and decorously behind their escorts, if the means of transportation was a bicycle built for two.

Times have changed if human nature hasn't. The bike and the buggy have given way to the automobile and the airplane. But maidens still a-riding go with boys who show off with the steering wheel and the control stick instead of the reins and the handlebars, as of yore.

Now and then, however, some resourceful swain finds the standard modern methods of locomotion too tame for his taste. Outstanding among these imaginative pioneers is Ross Allen, who likes to do his riding on the knobby back of a full-grown alligator—and under water.

When he was a youngster, Allen got the seemingly foolhardy notion that there is fun to be had and money to be made with alligators. He began to haunt the cypress swamps of Florida and, to the horror of his family and his friends, hobnobbed with the powerful and ugly-tempered saurians in their own muddy bailiwick.

His favorite way of catching an alligator was, and is, to dive overboard, grapple with the beast and bring it ashore alive. Not even his best friends can tell him why he has a full set of arms and legs after capturing hundreds of the scaly monsters and starting an alligator farm at Silver Springs, Florida.

Silver Springs is a popular resort for tourists and has one of the clearest pools in the world. Movie men go there for their finest submarine shots of swimmers, human and finned. Allen thought the visitors might get a kick out of a little spirited alligator wrestling now and then, brought a couple of his biggest and meanest "pets" from his farm to the pool.

The young man with the iron nerve made a survey of his pop-eyed livestock and picked his "critters" with a keen eye for thrills and action. He singled out a couple of the largest and most fractious alligators that he knew would put up a real scrap when they were disturbed in their browsings on the bottom of the Silver Springs pool. Allen has liked his saurian playmates tough since he tackled his first one in a cypress swamp, and he refused to risk his reputation on a tame tussle with an undersized and anemic 'gator.

Being a good showman, he looked around for a pretty girl who would go riding with him when he plunged into the crystal-clear water to grapple with a full-grown alligator stretched out on the sandy bottom. He guaranteed safety for the girl who would become his partner, but found only one applicant with the slightest interest in such a job. She is Miss Florence Bogar, a comely young mermaid whose swimming ability is more than matched by her calm courage.

First she took a spectator's course in alligator wrestling. She watched from a boat while Allen dived to the bottom and tackled the third ugly and unwilling member of their unique riding act. She studied every move—especially the way Allen kept clear of the beast's shear-like jaws until he could catch them closed and hold them shut with his muscular hands.

Next, Miss Bogar perfected her underwater swimming technique. For hours she played submarine in the transparent water, until she could loop and twist and dodge almost as well as Allen himself. Then she was called upon for as nerve-trying a "dress rehearsal" as any young woman ever went through. An adult 'gator from the Allen farm was dumped into the pool. When the brute had settled to the bottom, Allen said the word and they dived overboard together. What happened is best told in the three remarkable photographs on this page.

Much in the manner of a tandem-riding couple of the Gay Nineties, the swimmers straddled the horny back of the alligator, Allen, before, where he could keep an expert eye on the jagged maw of the brute, and his partner, behind, in a safer spot.

The three occupants of the pool didn't hold this tableau for more than a few seconds, because a wild mustang is a sissy compared with an alligator in its element. The big fellow bucked, lashed with its powerful tail, and snapped its jaws open and shut with the speed and strength of a steel trap. For good measure it went into a sort of submarine "barrel roll."

"I didn't scream," says Miss Bogar, "because a girl can't scream when her mouth is full of water. I watched Ross and concentrated on his instructions he had given me. And I tried to remember his assurance, that there really wasn't any danger."

As the smaller photographs show, Miss Bogar slipped off the back of the thrashing mount, where she could see what was going on at the business end of the alligator, and Allen maneuvered himself underneath the "critter," where he could clamp his strong fists over the dangerous jaws. When the going got really rough, and the "swamp mustang" lifted him off the sandy bottom, Allen signalled with his head and Miss Bogar swam up to the surface while her partner finished the job of subduing the alligator. After many repetitions of the act that many visitors to Silver Springs can't bear to watch, the girl actually enjoys the ride and dives in first to "bait" the alligator so that the stunt will will make bigger and better chills run up the spectators' spines before she and Allen master the plug-ugly brute and come out of the water to take their bows

Above, at the Left, the Alligator Has Rolled Over with a Flip of Its Powerful Tail. Allen Keeps a Firm Grip on the Beast's Ugly Snout and the Girl Circles Around to Size Up the Exciting Goings-on. Above, Right, the Ride Gets Wilder. Allen Is Lifted Off the Sandy Bottom of the Pool and His Partner Swims Clear Until the 'Gator Wrestler Gets the Situation Under Control. These Are Underwater Pictures.

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The Prince Who Kidnaped His Own Cinderella

Cinderella as Pictured in This Quaint Drawing by the Artist, Famous George Cruikshank, Met Her Prince, Like Clary, at a Festive Gathering. After Her Fairy Godmother Had Fitted Her With Costly Raiment. But Clary Didn't Get Her Gowns and Slippers Until Her Modern Prince Had Proposed.

Prince Nicholas Odescalchi, on One of His Steeds, Which to Clary, Like Everything Else That Now Surrounds Her, Seems Like Something in a Fairy Story.

Clary Wasn't a Kitchen Maid Like Artist Edmund Dulac's "Cinderella" Portrayed Here. Nor Did She Wear Glass Slippers. No Such Identification Was Needed by Clary's Prince, Who Didn't Even Stop to Inquire Who She Was or Where She Lived, but Carried Her Away With No Thought of the Consequences. But It All Turned Out Happily, Anyhow.

Police, in Budapest, by a "White Slavery" Scare, Found Missing Clary Bindasz, 16-Year-Old Beauty, In Her Abductor's Castle—But It's All Right Because His Intentions Are Strictly Honorable and His Mama Is Chaperoning Them

BUDAPEST.

"DARLING, love is blind, but not quite blind enough to believe your story. You have evidently been dishonored and I cannot bear the disgrace."

With this explanation to his pretty fiancee, Mancy Turoczi, Alajos Sandor fired a bullet at his broken heart. Fortunately, the tragic young man was not a very good shot and almost missed himself. The bullet passed between his left arm and his ribs, causing about as much repair work for the tailor as for the surgeon. So the doubting Thomas lived to apologize and be forgiven, which was no more than fair, because she had told a Cinderella romance which everyone agreed sounded much too good to be true. What made it more improbable were the expensive new clothes in which she was telling him.

On the night of June 23rd there had been dismay in the respectable home of Mancy, daughter of a small restaurant proprietor and even more in that of Clary Bindasz, golden-haired, blue-eyed beauty. Clary is the daughter of a construction foreman and though only 16 years old, was the pride of the family as well as its hope of future wealth, as soon as the girl's beauty should receive its due reward in the films.

The two girls had jobs as usherettes at the new open-air theatre on Margaret's Island, which was playing "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to big houses. But that night neither of the girls came home. Mancy, being a little older and only an ordinarily-pretty girl, her parents were only ordinarily worried, cherishing some hopes that she would turn up the next day with an innocent explanation.

But Clary's parents just knew that somebody had kidnaped their golden beauty and had little doubts that it was the work of those white slavers they had been reading about. Why, oh why, had they not guarded their million-dollar treasure of pure gold, more carefully?

Next day passed without either girl returning but in the last mail came a post card, written by Mancy and mailed in Budapest, conveying the following casual message to her frantic mother:

"Don't worry about us. We are well and happy but cannot return home just now, because we are going out of town. Please do not search for us. We shall write again."

The police on reading this, agreed with the four parents and the fiancee, Sandor, in fearing the worst about a white slave kidnaping. Obviously the message had been dictated to Mancy by the captors of the girls. They sent 200 detectives to comb every hotel in the city at the same time but found not a single clue. Frontiers and air ports were watched and a general alarm sent out but that was about all that could be done for the next three days.

Then, when the matter had become almost a certainty in the minds of all concerned, and the two families were hoping that the girls were dead rather than on their way to lives of shame in some foreign land, Mancy stepped from a bus in front of her home. The girl was not visibly the worse for wear, in fact she seemed serene, even happy in a costly new dress, bonnet and shoes. She limped a bit, but that was only because her new shoes hurt, which was a pleasant pain, considering how expensive and handsome they were.

Mancy's honest mother gave a sort of bark at the apparition and fainted. While she was being revived the police, the fiance and members of both families were summoned to hear what she had to say. The first police detective to arrive found the girl bombarded by so many different questions at once that she couldn't answer any.

"Everyone please keep quiet and let me handle this," he commanded. "Now Miss Turoczi begin at the moment you first saw the kidnapers and tell everything in your own words."

"Well," Mancy began, "after everyone was seated, we noticed two men in the audience who had such elegant manners and appearance that we knew they must be princes or counts or some kind of nobility. We were saying what a pity that such wonderful men wouldn't marry nice girls like us. I mean, that was what Clary said," Mancy hastened to correct, as she caught her fiance's eye. "But I told her that the only reason is that we don't get a chance to know them.

"And just then, as if they had read our thoughts, both turned around and watched us, all through the performance, just too sweet for words."

There was a sort of distressed sound from the fiance and the detective hastened to ask if the kidnapers made any approach at that time.

"No," said Mancy, "not until we had changed from our uniforms and come out of the theatre."

"Where did you get those clothes?" almost screamed Mancy's mother who had recovered her faculties.

"Yes, aren't they lovely?" answered the daughter. "A woman, I think they called her the Madame Chatelaine, measured me and went out and bought them."

"Please! Please!" protested the detective. "Let the girl tell things in their chronological order."

"After the theatre," Mancy went on, "they stepped up and introduced themselves as Prince Nicholas Odescalchi and Count Anthony Forgach."

"And you believed it?" spoke the fiance, in a choking voice.

"Of course we did. I told you that they looked noble."

The detective shook a warning finger at Sandor who made a hopeless gesture as he slumped in his chair with a moan, letting his beloved go on with the painful narrative.

"They invited us to supper and, after supper, the Prince offered to drive us home in his big car but instead, they took us to his town house."

"Where was that?" inquired the detective.

"We were so thrilled to be with such elegant people that we didn't notice," the girl answered, and it was the detective's turn to look pained, but Mancy rattled on:

"They were so polite and nice and charming, nobody was ever so polite to us before, until finally we said we must go home. Then the Prince became stern and even rough. He told us that we could not go home and we were afraid perhaps we had made a mistake. Perhaps they weren't nice men, after all."

This was too much for Mrs. Turoczi to endure in silence.

"Did you expect bad men to wear a warning sign? How many times have I told you? Oh, dear God in heaven, why should I be the mother of an idiot?"

Before "Mother's idiot" could reply, the detective led her back to the main story by asking what they did to her.

"Just locked us in a room for the rest of the night," was the unexpected answer.

"Did anyone visit you?"

"Nobody."

"And in the morning, what?"

"They were charming to us again, gave us a lovely breakfast and then came the new clothes."

Mancy took a long breath to go into that matter in detail but the detective wanted to know what happened after the clothing.

"We got into the Prince's car to be taken home but instead they drove through the country for hours until we came to his big castle, with hundreds of rooms with barred windows and lots of servants who watched us all the time. The Count wasn't interested in me but the Prince was crazy about Clary. You couldn't possibly escape from the place."

"Where is the place?"

"I don't know except that it is on a hill in the country. I never was there before."

"Can't give us any idea?" Think," pleaded the detective.

Mancy thought and remembered that it was not far from a town named Kisvarda. This surprised the detective into remarking:

"Why, the real Prince Odescalchi has a big castle there."

"Yes, indeed, it is big and grand," Mancy assured him. "And it is furnished like castles in the movies. They treated us nicer than I ever was treated in my life but I wanted to get back to the family and Alajos. So the Prince let me go with money for my ticket, first class."

"What about Clary?"

"Oh, she is going to stay there. She likes the Prince and doesn't want to come home."

At this point Clary's parents cried out to heaven and the detective thought he might as well get the police machinery at work investigating the castle clue. He left behind him a babel of voices, all cross-questioning the girl at once. After a few hours of this the fiance refused to believe that the worst hadn't happened and showed his displeasure by shooting himself.

The police of Kisvarda were ordered by telephone to enter the castle and, sure enough, there was Clary, a contented prisoner, with the Prince. They stood guard over the two until the girl's father accompanied by a lawyer and a carfull of Budapest police could arrive. Prince Nicholas Balthasar Livius Innocent August Melchior Maria Odescalchi bears one of the longest, oldest and most famous names in Hungarian history, besides being wealthy and influential, but they announced that he need not imagine that he could get away with any such outrage as kidnaping a 16-year-old maiden. They were grimly prepared to take him away to another kind of big castle with barred windows.

Sternly the outraged parent ignored the Prince's politeness as he led him along carpeted halls lined with priceless paintings and suits of armor to a wing of the castle. There his wrath became eclipsed by astonishment for there was Clary ensconced in a suite of her own, in one room of which a dozen dressmakers were working on her gowns. An elderly lady with dignified carriage came to meet him.

"I am nobody's chaperone," she explained in answer to the father's question.

"What lady?" he demanded. In answer, the lady herself appeared, radiant with happiness, fine clothes and jewels. She had been in the midst of a French lesson and a deportment tutor was waiting his turn.

"Father, what is the matter with you?" she finally demanded, after he had briefly expressed his opinion of a girl who seemed to glory in her shame. "Don't you want me to marry the Prince?"

"What makes you imagine he would be such a—well, that he would marry you?"

"He asked me."

"And you think he is serious?"

"I can assure you that he is quite so," said a quiet, cultured voice, as the Dowager Princess, the former Countess Palma Lonyay entered the chamber. "My son has asked my consent and I have given it. She is a sweet, good girl, who will grace the title as soon as she has had a little training."

As the father collapsed into the nearest chair, a noiseless servant appeared with a tray of brandy and glasses for everyone to toast the future happy event.

"But why did you kidnap her and why were you rough with her?" the puzzled parent still wanted to know.

"All tests of her character, my honored father-in-law," replied the Prince, "and she passed them all. Clary is a good girl and she will remain one, if I have anything to do with it. It was love at first but love is a bit blind, as I found from my two previous marriages and divorces, so it was important to be sure this time."

Some hold the theory that perhaps the Prince's first intentions were not so noble but that Clary's innocent goodness melted his heart and turned his feelings into true love.

Anyhow, it is a delightfully fantastic romance with a happy ending which has caused every pretty girl in Budapest to dream that she too is a Cinderella, about to be kidnaped by a Prince. Anything can happen in Hungary, as Clary has proved.

Clary Bindasz, the 16-Year-Old Theatre Usherette, Whose Pretty Face and Figure Were So Irresistible to the Prince That He Drove Away With Her to His Castle, Leaving Behind a Kidnaping Scare and Plenty of Gossip, Until the Mystery Cleared Up.

Mancy Turoczi, Clary's Girl Friend, Who Was Kidnaped Also, and Whose Romantic Story Nobody Believed, Least of All Her Own Boy Friend Who Tried to Kill Himself.

Romantic Prince Odescalchi, a Modern Prince Charming of Budapest.

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"I Lived With

A Unique Photograph of a Gorilla Sentry Half Concealed in a Tree and Watching a Passing Party of Hunters. (Photo. Wide World-Illustrated London News.)

to Man, Was As the Long Ended His E

And Here Is a Second Sentry Further Along Showing a Little More of Himself—the Party Having Passed by and, Therefore, as He Thinks, It Is Safer to Show Himself to Get a Better View—And Unaware That He Is Being Shot by the Camera. (Photo. Wide World-Illustrated London News.)

The Kind of Flimsy Canoe, Hollowed Out of a Single Log, in Which Explorer Du Berrie Says He Made His Way Back to His Friends, the Gorillas, After Having Been Dragged Out of the Jungle as the "Missing Link."

By JEUAN Du BERRIE,

M. B., A. M. T., F. Z. S., Well-Known Naturalist, Adventurer and Explorer, Who Was Shot and Captured in the Jungle As the "Missing Link."

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CHAPTER III.

WITH my aged gorilla friend lurching ahead, we often wandered through the forest days at a time without seeing any other of the big anthropoids and, for that matter, hardly any large animals, nothing but insects and the screeching birds.

That did not mean that they were not close by. In the jungle, neither the hunter nor the hunted thinks it pays to advertise his presence. Why the noisy birds are an exception, I do not know. Of course, animals speak when they feel they have something worth saying. There are the mating calls, the warnings of danger, the death cry when the carnivorous animal strikes, his howl of fury when he misses and the gorilla's hymn of hate to the rising sun.

On other days we met so many gorillas that I am convinced the Gaboon country is well stocked with them. The great ape is no gregarious animal and lacks the first glimmerings of tribal life. Gorillas exist in separate families, consisting generally of one old male, two or three females and a varying number of their young.

They will remain together for some years, the male obviously in charge and defending his wives and children from attack, until some adventurous young male is bold enough to make a raid and carry off one or all of the females. The old male, dethroned from his kingship, then becomes solitary and roams through the forest alone. I had thought at first that my friend would want to stay with his family, but strangely enough he seemed to prefer my company to theirs, and he appeared to have relinquished his rule to the young male whom he had fought on my behalf. At any rate, we rarely saw the family after my first few weeks of living with them, and my elderly pal and I went on our way together.

I wondered if these individualists could be assembled in a convention, something they would never do of their own accord, and decided to make the attempt. There were unpleasant possibilities such as that it would start a free-for-all fight or that they might pull to pieces me, the chairman of the convention, because I was the only stranger and foreigner.

My preparations lasted several days. I knew that the only way to influence the gorillas was through their stomachs, and so I made a great store of all the food that I knew they liked best. I collected roots and hid them in caches, concealed a huge supply of plantains, berries and guavas in big leaves near my tree, made a collection of grubs and beetles and penned them up in my python skin.

The skin, incidentally, I had failed to cure properly, having no fire in which to smoke it, but it came in very useful for this purpose. I could not guess what the answer to my invitation would be but I knew that the only way to avoid trouble was to see that all the guests who came should have a sufficiency of food. So it was that I labored ceaselessly for many days to lay in my supply of delicacies, until finally I had enough food ready for thirty gorillas. If more came I should have to risk putting them on short rations, which might be difficult.

Then I began to issue invitations by making the loud whining cluck which the gorilla utters when seeking others of his kind. It is a general sort of summons which, put into words, might suggest a variety of things, including the following:

"Come here! Look! See what I have found! I want a mate!"

It appealed to all sorts of motives, especially curiosity. My old friend watched me dubiously a while and then loyally added his mighty voice to mine and soon we began to receive responses.

One by one the giants came pounding through the trees to see what was happening. At first they were timid; they peeped through the tangled undergrowth, shuffled warily away, and then returned. I continued to call to them and at length they managed to overcome their caution sufficently to leave the protection of the trees. I had banked on their curiosity bringing them and as soon as they arrived I began distributing the food in order to keep them there.

When they were settled down on their haunches around me I began the cry again and more gorillas answered it until at last the clearing was filled and I had not less than thirty gorillas assembled. I can claim to have seen more gorillas together in their native state than any man living.

They were sitting almost in a circle around me, clucking and munching their food, while I sat cross-legged in the middle chewing a piece of sugar cane. After a time a great dark female approached and stood nearby, looking at me in a rather coquettish manner. I put out my hand to touch her and she knocked it away and backed timidly, only to return a few minutes later. I made a little chattering noise, hoping to make her understand I thought she was a real jungle belle, but when I attempted to pat her shaggy arm she turned and ran away.

When the feeding was over the games began. The sport of these monsters was a terrific spectacle to watch. Blows were exchanged that would seemingly have felled a giant and yet they appeared hardly to notice them. Some concealed themselves in the lower branches of trees and as an unwary playmate passed beneath they let down a hind leg and yanked him up off the ground, a feat of strength which needs to be seen to be believed. The noise was tremendous, echoing through the forest and scaring the smaller creatures so that they would not venture within miles of us.

All in good fun they aimed some of those blows at me, and had I not been able to dodge, they would probably have wondered why I never got up again. Long before noon the food was gone and the sun too hot for this sort of play out in the open, so they slipped away into the jungle without a word of thanks or farewell to their host. The importance of this gorilla party is that it shows how the animals can be made to come to the student where he can study them in their native state instead of in a cage where so little is to be learned.

For ten months we roamed within a radius of hardly more than 25 miles from my clearing and platform-tree, but I wanted to do a little exploring, especially to find the source of a sluggish stream that wandered through the territory. My elderly friend evidently did not approve of the idea, but he went along without much protest and for three days we picked our way up the foul-smelling rivulet with a wary eye for crocodiles.

The fourth noon found us sitting under a huge tree feasting on fruit. At least I was, but my muscular comrade whose appetite usually was in proportion to his size, stopped eating and began running his hands up and down my arms, apparently marveling at their hairlessness. Then a long arm enclosed me in a gentle embrace.

At this I looked at him because such demonstrations were usually reserved for greetings after we had been separated. He now gazed into my eyes with the most mournful expression I ever saw and made sounds in his throat, different from any of the usual gorilla talk.

I had the impression that he was trying to tell me something sad and I feared that he might be coming down with the dysentery so deadly to these great beasts. If so there was nothing I could do to help and after the meal I climbed the tree to see what was ahead. As I reached the top I heard a shot.

It terrified every creature that heard it and me, probably as much as any. I sat silent and motionless in my tree, listened and thought. It must mean a band of hunters traveling the stream in a canoe, and that shot was to call them in for something, probably the noon-day meal. Listening a long time convinced me that none of the party was near the tree and therefore it would be safe to descend and join my friend before that shot scared him too far away. To my surprise he was just where I had left him at the foot of the tree.

Together we hurried away from the stream and then suddenly another shot rang out close in front. The surprise caused each of us to make a mistake, a combination that proved fatal. The gorilla's crest rose in wrath, he beat his chest like the rumble of a thunder drum and roared his defiance. Human voices and other shots answered, indicating that we had blundered into a party of six or eight persons.

Then I made my mistake, leading my angry and still rumbling friend off to a clearing through which we could make better time. Alas, just as we were reaching the further end, a spurt of flame came from the trees and my friend sagged, with a groan, like a stricken human being. Another spurt and I was down with a bullet through my ankle.

Yelling and screaming I struggled to get up and help my wounded friend, but before I was able to rise I was seized by a number of men; my hands were thrust behind me and I was bound with leather thongs. No animal ever made fiercer struggle for freedom than I did then. I kicked and used my teeth. I tried to elude my captors and make a dash for the safety of the matted undergrowth, I cursed and groaned and wept and tried to tell them to let me go. The glimpse which I had during this nightmare fight, of my friend in his dying convulsions, forced me to battle on and nearly broke my heart.

But with my hands bound behind me, and my left leg useless, I had no chance against them. At length the burning pain in my ankle and the bitter anguish of my heart proved too much for me. I lost consciousness.

How long I was in this state I do not know. I awoke to the knowledge that I was bound hand and foot. I opened my eyes and they encountered brown wood immediately above them. I shut them again and endeavored to think out this strange phenomenon. My body was swinging rhythmically from side to side and I judged that I was being carried by four Negroes.

I fainted again. During the next interval of consciousness I heard my white captors conversing in Dutch. They believed they had captured the missing link and by exhibiting me in various parts of the world they would all become fabulously rich. But they must take care of my wound and be as kind as they dared to a wild animal so I would not "die on them."

Since these were their intentions, I decided to act up to the part and bide my chance to escape back to the wilds. Otherwise they might think it safer and easier to knock me on the head than to carry a wounded man on a long trip only possibly to have him sue them when they reached civilization.

That night I gave them the entire gorilla vocabulary while they were dressing my wound. It was interesting to hear their comment as to which of my features were human and which simian. I bit them every time they tried to examine my teeth because one had a filling which would hardly be found in a missing link.

They wondered where I had stolen that Maltese knife and the piece of string, because otherwise I was naked as on the day of my birth. The fat with which I head smeared myself to keep away insects had become a bit rancid but when they tried to scrub it off I made such a fuss that the leader said: "Let him stink if he wants to."

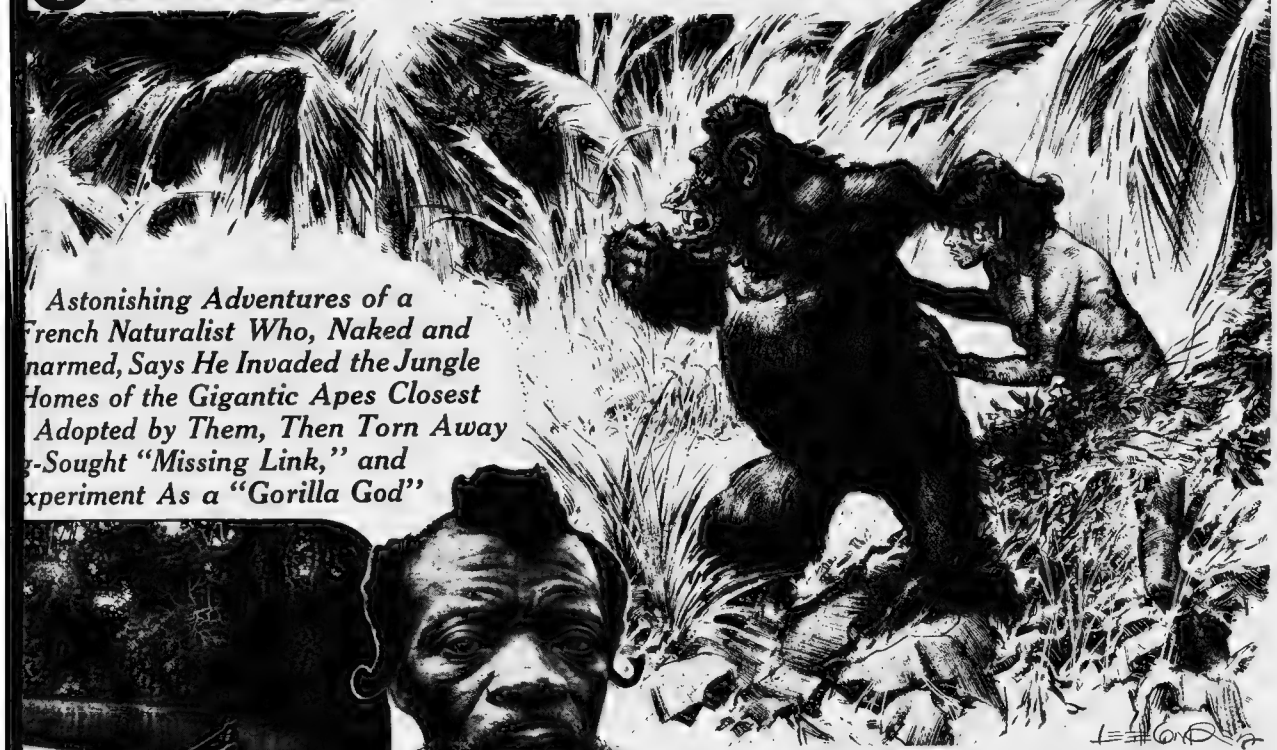
My ankle was still too weak to stand on when we reached a trading post on the coast where my captors brought in half a dozen white men, all there were in the place, to view their treasure. After they had told all about my capture and how rich I was going to make them, I cleared my throat and remarked:

"I am the son of a British consul. What made you think I was the missing link?"

Their consternation was a sight that I will always love to remember. Finally they answered my question by bringing a piece of broken mirror. I did not recognize myself. I would never have believed that a human being could look as I looked then, with brown filthy face, matted hair and wild eyes. My wound had not improved my physical condition and it was indeed a living replica of the wild man of the woods who stared back at me through the cracks of the broken glass.

But after a hair cut, a bath and a shave, artificial performances which I disliked but upon which my captors insisted before they would be convinced of my identity, I was once again a civilized being. And then the traders made a great fuss over me. They brought me the best food that the primitive station could produce; they ransacked the stores to obtain lint and ointments with which to bind my injured foot; they pressed gifts upon me as though

Gorillas" by Jeuan Du Berrie



Astonishing Adventures of a French Naturalist Who, Naked and Unarmed, Says He Invaded the Jungle Homes of the Gigantic Apes Closest Adopted by Them, Then Torn Away Long-Sought "Missing Link," and Experiment As a "Gorilla God"

The Tragic Death of Explorer Du Berrie's Old Man Gorilla Pal—"A shot rang out. The Old Man gorilla's crest rose in wrath, he beat his chest like the rumble of a thunder drum and roared his defiance as he thrust me behind him, covering me like a shield with his great body. But another spurt of flame came from the trees and my protector sagged with a groan like a stricken human being."

Medicine Man or Priest of the Gaboon People, Who Captured Explorer Du Berrie, According to His Story, After He Had Tried to Return to the Land of the Great Apes.

A Forest Village in the Gaboon, Typical of That to Which Du Berrie Was Dragged as a Captive and Tortured for Days Under the Direction of the Evil Medicine Man.

make compensation for the way they had eated me.

It took nine months more for that ankle to heal that I dared trust it in the wilds again. In e tropics it requires little energy to live. Beachombers can pick up enough shell fish and fruit, y sort of shack will do for shelter and clothing eds are negligible. The only serious problem is quor, because a drink of good whiskey costs oney anywhere. I was a character and an attraction to the post's one saloon where I could have ept myself drunk most of the time at no expense xcept to relate anecdotes of my life with gorillas. ut I do not care for liquor, so that rare opportunity was wasted.

Money for my simple needs was earned by aring for the animals brought in for shipment on e occasional freighters which stopped at the post. e already explained, I have an unusual gift for getting along with wild animals of any sort and was just the right man for the job. However, I was not entirely satisfactory because I often could not resist the temptation to let some of my charges escape. Most everyone agreed that I was more kinds of a fool than any of them had seen combined in one person.

Speaking of fools, there is none so foolish as the monkey. As often as I let one escape, the little chump would hang around jabbering in the trees until he was caught again. The idiots seem to have a sneaking fondness for human beings, just as I have for gorillas.

About the time I felt certain that my ankle would do, along came a freighter due to pass the mouth of the Gaboon River and I booked passage. The night before it was to leave, I paid a farewell call on my caged animal friends and, for some reason, they all seemed to understand, making a great to-do over me. One little chimpanzee was so downcast that I rewarded him by slipping the latch of his cage. Instead of taking to the wilds, he followed me on board the ship. The captain objected but the crew, as always eager for an animal shipmate, took my side until the skipper gave in. What he really was afraid of was being accused of receiving stolen goods.

Stopping at other trading posts, as we did, it took two months before we reached the same place where I had landed once before and, at dawn, the sailors set me and my chimpanzee ashore. This time I bought a canoe from one of the natives in exchange for a couple of bales of gaudily colored cotton cloth. It was a primitive affair, constructed "dug-out" fashion from the hollowed trunk of a tree.

Although rather clumsy to handle and lying very low in the water, it was almost impossible to overturn, a very great asset considering the crocodile-infested streams. Placing my chimpanzee in the bottom and eagerly wielding the paddle, I made my way upstream towards the home of the gorillas

As we penetrated further and further into the sunless depths, the river narrowed and the branches of overhanging trees intertwined so thickly that often I could catch no glimpse of the sky. Sometimes as we floated past, shy creatures, disturbed in their drinking, would flash away back into the undergrowth. Sometimes great grey crocodiles, their heads resting sleepily on the surface of the water, would slowly open their jaws at the strange apparition as it drifted by.

My chimpanzee was a gay and amusing companion and often, by his shrill screams of fright, he would warn me of some danger of which I was not aware. Many a time I steered the canoe into the bank and was about to alight when he set up his chattering cry, and as he did so a long, still log in the mud would raise itself slowly, and I would realize that I had been saved yet again from the final clutch of those sharp reptilian teeth and from almost certain death. For once a crocodile gets a grip on his victim he will rarely let go.

We spent many happy hours together, romping on the banks of the river, wrestling playfully and searching for sweet shoots and berries to eat. He was only a little chap, scarcely half-grown, and at night-time, when I used to rest in the bottom of the boat, he would come close to me, his baby arms would encircle my neck and he would sleep curled up beside me as peacefully as a child.

But I was not destined to enjoy his companionship for long. One morning, directly I beached my little craft, he set off through the forest alone, a procedure which he had only adopted once or twice before. It was some hours before he returned and when he did at length appear through the trees and run towards me, he was in a terribly agitated state, shivering all over and screaming in evident agony.

That night I camped on the shore and for the next few days I nursed him carefully, bringing him the choicest roots and plantains that I could find and plaiting a blanket of long grass to keep him warm. But all my ministrations were of no avail, and after four days of pain and misery he died of dysentery.

Now I was indeed alone. I had become so accustomed to his friendly chatterings, to his little clinging body, that without him I grew sad and despondent. I felt that it was imperative for me to find some companion other than my miserable thoughts and I determined that I would leave the river and push through the forest until I met with some friendly apes.

Accordingly I beached my canoe, leaving it moored to the bank, a treasure for any black man who might come across it. I discarded my upper garments, knowing from my previous experience how they hampered movement, and plunged into the undergrowth. My nine months' sojourn in the semi-civilization of the trading station had done little to dull the memory of my habits in the forest and I soon found that I was able to press through the tangled vegetation at a good pace and without much discomfort.

I swung along eagerly, often forsaking the long grass and clinging briars for a freer passage among the branches of the trees, and always keeping my eyes and ears open for any sign of the gorilla. From time to time I threw back my head and uttered the cry which I had used in calling the apes to council. The sound echoed through the stillness of the forest until it seemed to me that any gorilla within miles must surely hear the invitation and respond to it. But no answering cry met my ears. I was still alone.

So I journeyed for days, chiefly in the tree tops, and hoping always to catch a glimpse of a black hairy body, to hear a mighty roar of welcome. But they never came and even though I was happy to be once more free from the pinched life of civilization, to be able to roam where I liked and how I liked, my feeling of loneliness increased.

If only I could meet the gorillas! My despondency was so great that I began to take unnecessary risks and chances with Nature. In my overwhelming desire to find the apes I grew less wary and alert than I should have been. This was to prove my undoing.

One day I approached a water hole and all seemed quiet. I could sense no danger, not a leaf seemed to be stirring, and I crept softly down to the edge of the stream. I knelt down, leaned over the bank and cupped my hands to dip in the muddy water. I had barely moistened my fingers when suddenly in the still air there came a whizzing sound and an arrow flew down close to my ear and buried itself in the soft ooze of the bank.

Like a flash I stood up, my thirst still unquenched. The water dripped from my fingers and fell with little plops on the ground. I listened, I sniffed the air, I watched the trees and bushes for any sign of movement. But nothing happened. There was nothing and no one to tell me where the arrow had come from or from whose bow it had been catapulted at my defenseless head. The silence was uncanny. Not a twig cracked, not a grass blade rustled as I stood up and looked around. I knew that I was at the mercy of something invisible, that I had only to make one movement to be struck down by a second arrow. This time, I knew, it would not miss.

After a long wait, suddenly native blacks armed

(Continued on Page 15)

Modernism Hits an Ancient Art

STREAMLINED woodcarving has hit the Alps, and now, instead of the chiseled likenesses of bears, chamois and chalets, complete to the last painstaking detail, tourists in Switzerland are guided by amusing figures done in the modern manner, to point out the chief spots of interest of the little Swiss villages and the principal highways of the country.

A depression, or maybe it was a recession, of more than 100 years ago was responsible for the beginning of woodcarving in Switzerland. One Christian Fischer, of Brienz, a little Alpine village had built up quite a local reputation as a pipe maker when the depression of 1816 hit Switzerland. Christian found that he was no longer able to buy the expensive boxwood and horn from which he had made pipes before, and so he started experimenting with maple and other local woods.

He soon found that while these woods didn't make very good pipes, they did make fine egg cups, napkin rings, goblets and so on, and he decorated the things he made with simple carvings. Natives of the village paid little attention to Christian's "new fangled ideas." Tourists, who traveled through Brienz bought all the trinkets Christian could produce and the tourists beat a path to the woodcarver's door. Other villagers began to do a bit of carving, too, soon.

In a short time the experiment that grew out of the depression had become the chief industry of Brienz.

The authorities soon were attracted to this new industry and a government school was established to train Swiss artists in the art.

In those days the woodcarvers took their art pretty literally. Students in the school, which was free to any Swiss citizen, were taught to copy every line of a live St. Bernard dog, a chamois, a goat, or whatever else they were carving, first on paper, and then reproduce the animal with minute exactness in wood. The results were remarkable for their complete detail, but were fairly "wooden" and humorless.

This school of sculpture is being replaced now, to an ever increasing extent as second, third and fourth generation carvers suddenly discover that, in addition to remarkable artisanship they have developed truly artistic talent. So today, woodcarvings of Swiss artists may be found in museums all over the world.

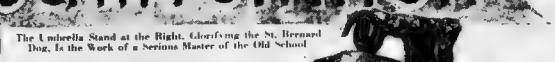
Even modern Swiss nonsigns, shown on this page, reveal the difference between modern artists and their predecessors. The smart-aleck little Swiss boy, with a nonchalant flip of his thumb, directs the somewhat worried minister to the boat landing, and the slender beauty, with her equally slender hound, particularly modernistic, points the way to a pavilion.

The St. Bernard dog shown here typical of the old school of carving also commemorates the heroism for which these animals have long been famous.

Many of them, despite other reports are still at the St. Bernard Hospice in the Alps, where any tourist may see them. Dog experts say that the unfortunate incident of a year ago in which a child was killed was due to unusual circumstances and no reflection upon the breed.

Those which were sent to the Hospice in the Himalayas, it has now been disclosed were not "exiled," but sent to Tibet because they were needed there.

Amusing and Informative Proof That the Skilful Swiss Woodcarvers Can Adjust Themselves to the Times and "Go Modern" at Their Old Art Is Found in Such Caricatures as This, Showing the Way to a Steamship Dock.



The Umbrella Stand at the Right, Glorifying the St. Bernard Dog, Is the Work of a Serious Master of the Old School

This Signboard, Marking the Way to a Pavilion, Is a Radical Departure From the Swiss Carving of an Older Day and Shows a Generous Touch of Modernism in Its Technique

Above, the Alphorn, Usually Made of Fir, Oak and Birchwood, Dates to the Ninth Century and Is a Masterpiece of the Woodworking Art.

Queer Gravestones That "Tell All"

OLD epitaphs are found in old cemeteries from time to time but seldom do they go into the details covered in the biographical tombstones erected in Pleasant Hill Cemetery near Kingsport, Tennessee, for two daughters of Ben and Katie Wine. Maggie Kate was the first of the Wine girls to pass on and her tombstone, a large marble shaft, reads:

MAGGIE KATE
Baby of B. & C. Wine, born Feb. 2 1866. A truthful child; mild tempered, quiet
disposition, near sighted, strong mind. She grew a great favorite. Speaking Evil of none. Fine in art and Penmanship. A sweet singer. Enjoyed Work; never idle in house or on farm. A lover of Church and Sunday School. Believed the Bible. Lived the life of a Christian. Afflicted 18 months. Never complaining said, "grieve not for my soul. I am ready to go." Died of Dropsy, talking in her right Mind, sitting in a chair. Dec. 31, 1900. Age 34 years, 10 mos. 29 days.

And in the same graveyard is the tombstone of Fanny Ben Wine, which again "tells all."

Fannie Ben, left by Dr. J. J. Ensor March 10, 1857, with Ben and Katie Wine
Weight 4 lbs. No finger nor toe nails
With good eye tooth. Nursed on a pillow
For nine weeks. Afflicted with St. Vitus dance
for four years. Knee out of joint three times, broken leg, mad dog bite. A scholar, talented musician,
studied medicine a nurse for fifty years
Married twice, no children, a member of the Quaker Church since 1876, and intelligent
accomplished woman, admired by all.

This tombstone has no death date carved into its red stone shaft.

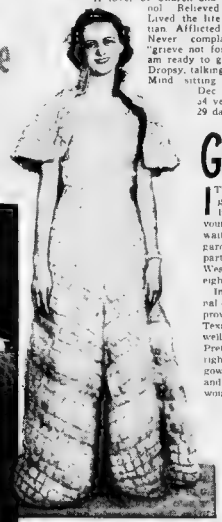
Otherwise the biography is just about complete.

The Cat That Stowed Away on a Plane

IT WAS Friday, the Thirteenth when Colonel Jacob H. Rudolph, a United States army pilot, flying only a few hundred feet off the ground above Maxwell Field, Alabama, suddenly realized that his controls were jammed. Startled, the Colonel looked over his shoulder to the rear cockpit. He was even more startled then because Master Sergeant George Mendel, who had been sitting in that cockpit when the plane left the ground, was apparently missing.

Just about the time the colonel had decided to become a member of the Caterpillar Club by making a parachute leap, he felt the controls suddenly loosen and looking around again, saw Sergeant Mendel pop up from the floor-boards of the rear cockpit where he apparently had been working on something. In his hands the sergeant held the thing that had caused the controls to jam. It was a small cat that had stowed away before the plane left the ground and had gotten tangled up in the control wires.

"Yes, it was a black cat," said Colonel Rudolph with a happy grin when they landed. "Just the same it was our lucky day," said Col. Rudolph with a happy grin when they landed.



To Advertise a Product of the Lone Star State, This Dress Was Laboriously Assembled of Grapefruit Peel

Garden Party Dresses That Paris Will Never Copy

IT'S not safe nowadays for a fellow to give his girl the "razzberry" — she's liable to make a dress out of it. The young women at the left didn't even wait for raspberries, but raided the garden patch for their latest garden party gowns when the residents of Weslaco, Texas, celebrated the town's eighteenth birthday.

Incidentally, the wearers of the original outfits also took the opportunity to prove to the rest of the country that Texas produces a lot more than oil wells, prairie dogs, and expositions. Pretty Miss Ella Beth Melton went right back to the soil for her bridal gown. It's made of onions and turnips, and probably the minister himself would weep if she wore it to a wedding.

Squares cut out of turnips made up the body of the dress and for her lacy veil, Miss Melton cut thousands of onion rings and fastened them together with wire. Even the bridal bouquet came from the farm instead of the florist. The big "calla-lilies" were carved from turnips with a chunk of yellow carrot stuck in the center to complete them, and that wreath of "orange blossoms" is made of turnips, too.

Mardelle Kendall's evening gown was made of grapefruit peel, and was the brain child of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Weslaco, while the Garden Club of nearby Edinburg, Texas, created the fetching evening gown worn by Virginia Clark and made from, of all things, corn husks. This gown proved such a hit that it tied for the grand prize and later was sent to New York for another fashion show.

Creations of eggplants, tangerines, flowers, lemon seeds, peas, carrots and even cabbage, made up the costumes of other contestants in the contest for gowns, a la Nature, but so far as is known, none of the young women arrayed herself in spinach.

The alert couturiers of Paris unless they were designing gowns to be worn at an agricultural fair, wouldn't think of trying to popularize such edible costumes. They would take too long to make, bring in little if any profit, and be ready for the garbage can after a patron had worn one of them an hour or two.

A White Bridal Gown Made of Turnips and Onions. The Bouquet Is Fashioned of Turnip Slices With Carrot Centers

—And Left—

A Texas Evening Gown Made of Corn Husks. This Was Later Shown in New York.

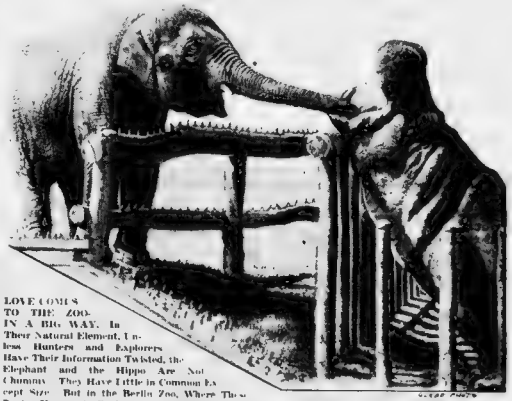
One Way To Catch Pythons

PYTHONS, those long, thick-bodied snakes that gobble up pigs, goats, small cattle and sometimes small boys, can be caught in several kinds of traps, but a prospector in North Queensland, South Africa, discovered a new way to capture a full-grown python recently. The method was pretty hard on the prospector's dog.

The miner chained the pup to a tree outside his tent for the night, to keep it from wandering into the jungle. But the jungle came to the dog, for in the morning when the prospector left his tent he found that the chain was still there—but at the end of it was a huge python, and inside the python was the dog. The snake had managed to swallow the dog without trouble, but it couldn't break the chain and was anchored to the tree, like some big fish on a hook.

An axe ended the dog-eating snake's career, but its finish came too late to do the poor dog any good.

Although the method of catching pythons by means of a chained dog seems to be efficient, few dog lovers will be satisfied with it. There are better ways of capturing a snake than by losing a dog.



LOVE COMES TO THE ZOO—IN A BIG WAY. In Their Natural Element, Unless Hunters and Explorers Have Their Information Twisted, the Elephant and the Hippo Are Not Chummy. They Have Little in Common Except Size. But in the Berlin Zoo, Where These Brutes Happen to Be Kept in Adjoining Enclosures, the Tender Scene Above Was Recently Snapped By an Alert Cameraman. He Labeled It "Love." But the Keepers Suspected It Was the Beginning of a Brawl.

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Men as Her Stepping-Stones by Maysie Greig

"I'm sure," said Faith bitingly, "that my friends will be delighted to meet your future wife."

Will Bruce's Mother and His Society Friends Accept Sally in Their Set?

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

SALLY CARSON, beautiful red-headed factory girl, lives in the New York slums and supports her drunken, cynical old stepmother on the $13 a week she makes in a brush factory. The old lady, bitter against life and poverty, continually urges Sally to use rich men as her "stepping-stones" to luxury, but Sally, idealistic, "in love" with Jeff Brown, is indignant at the suggestion. She does not heed Mrs. Carson's warning that Jeff is a worthless loafer who is not even true to her, this despite Jeff's semi-open intrigue with Peggy Ashford, hard-boiled flirt.

In a cheap dance hall, Bruce Graham, wealthy young socialite-businessman on a "slumming party" with fashionably dressed friends, is deeply attracted to Sally; she refuses to dance with him until suddenly she sees Jeff kiss Peggy on the dance floor. To punish Jeff, she accepts Bruce's invitation. Jeff and Peggy bump into them, and when they separate Bruce has Jeff arrested for stealing his wallet. Jeff tells Sally he'd just meant it as a joke to get even with Bruce for dancing with "his girl," and had been going to return the wallet. Sally, intensely loyal, convinces herself that she believes him. But when Jeff urges her to "use her sex-appeal" to get Bruce to drop the case, Sally is shocked; her loyalty is unshaken, however, and she promises to try.

Bruce says he will drop the case if Sally will spend the week-end with him at his country estate. To save Jeff from prison Sally agrees, figuring she may not have to pay in full.

In Bruce's lovely Colonial home Sally, who had never been to the country before, finds a wonderful new world, an undreamed-of Paradise, but the bargain she has made mars her happiness, especially when Bruce informs her he has already phoned his lawyers not to press the case against Jeff. Bruce says he has kept his bargain and knows she will keep hers. But when he sees how agitated she is, he offers to shake dice with her to decide whether she is to be let off.

Sally loses, but Bruce, finding he is falling in love with Sally, holds her in his arms, kisses her, and releases her from the agreement. Sally discovers suddenly that she is really in love, for the first time in her life, with Bruce.

CHAPTER VII.

Breakers Ahead.

SALLY was awakened in the morning by a neat little maid. The cook's daughter, Laura, helped when Mr Graham was in residence.

"Good morning, Miss," she said brightly. "Mr Graham sent a message. Will you please dress as quickly as you can, come down and breakfast with him on the sun-porch?"

"Very well," Sally murmured.

She was having difficulty in taking her bearings in remembering just where she was. But a second later she remembered—everything. Last night—and those moments when she had lain in Bruce's arms, those moments in which this strange new love had been born in her.

She thought how wonderful it was to be lying here with the sunshine streaming in through the windows, looking out onto the rich golden-brown foliage of the leaves outside. How heavenly it would be to live always in this quiet, lovely setting.

But Bruce had sent a message that he wanted her to hurry. She glanced at her watch and was startled to see the time. It was after ten o'clock.

She had never slept so late in her life. But she had been tired. She had sat so long by the window, staring out into the night. She remembered she had wept, but this morning there were no tears in her. She was too happy for tears.

What did it matter about tomorrow? They would have this day.

Yesterday, Bruce had suggested a picnic. Sally had never been on a picnic. What did you do on one? But anyhow, it would be fun.

As she dressed the faint music of church bells came to her on the breeze. How lovely they sounded in this peaceful setting! To Sally, they came as a sweet whisper of hope... maybe all the things she longed for would some day be hers. On this sparkling morning it seemed that they must.

She put on a pale green cloth dress which suited her. She combed back her hair and put the unruly red locks into place. Presently she was on her way downstairs towards the sun-porch.

Bruce rose to greet her as she came out onto the verandah. He was wearing grey flannel trousers and an old sports coat that had been patched with leather at the elbows. She thought it quaint that he should wear a patched coat when he had all that money. Even Jeff wouldn't have gone about in a coat like that—he would have been afraid of his friends laughing at him.

Jeff... queer, how remote he seemed from her life this morning, like a character in a book she had read.

She had a feeling as though she had been born anew in the night, which was absurd. But she had a very definite feeling that, for the present anyhow, the past didn't matter.

The only thing that mattered was this tall, lean young man who was smiling down at her and asking how well she had slept.

If there was in the beginning a faint sense of embarrassment between them it was soon dispelled. They laughed and talked and made plans for the day's outing.

"We'll take the dogs," he said. "They love an outing. Do you like dogs, Sally?"

"Yes, I do," she said earnestly. "I've always wanted to have a dog myself, but my stepmother—I live with her—hates them."

"You'll like my dogs," he told her. "Two Kerry Blues, Kill and M[illegible]. Kerry Blues are supposed to have a bad reputation for fighting. But the odd part of it is these two are the most friendly devils who ever existed. I have a suspicion there must have been a slip in their pedigree somewhere."

They lingered over breakfast. It was such fun eating ham-and-eggs, tomatoes and grilled kidneys, drinking cup upon cup of coffee, and talking casually and easily. In the neighboring town the church bells had ceased, the service had begun.

"Well," Bruce said presently, lazily stretching himself, "we ought to be doing something about this picnic. I guess I should go down and interview Mrs Jennings, she's the cook, on the subject."

He had pushed back his chair and was on the point of rising to his feet, when suddenly there was a loud hooting of an auto horn and up the drive swept a large car, which stopped right in front of the door of the house.

A moment later a crowd of six young people literally spilled out of it. The girls were hatless and wearing sports suits, the men dressed much as Bruce was. They spied Bruce on the sun-porch and commenced shouting and waving.

"Hello, we've come to surprise you," one of the girls called. Sally recognized her instantly. It was the tall, dark girl who had been in Bruce's party that night at the Tulip Dance Hall.

Sally's face had turned pale. She glanced towards Bruce. It seemed to her that his face, too, had gone a shade paler.

"Curse them," he muttered. "It's the devil, isn't it? If only," he groaned, "we had started earlier and got clear before they came here!"

The windows of the sun-porch were open. He leaned out.

"Come along in. Is it too early for a drink?" He forced a note of hospitality into his voice.

"It's never too early for a drink," Faith Denning called back. "I say, Bruce..." and then, for the first time, she caught sight of Sally. She started and her face colored. "We thought you'd be alone, Bruce," she said stiffly. "I'm sorry if we intrude, and at such an early hour. It would appear that you and your friend," she stressed the word slightly, "haven't finished your breakfast."

Bruce said, "No. We're breakfasting late. One usually does in the country. Sally, let me introduce you. Miss Carson, Miss Denning."

Faith Denning looked at Sally. Slowly, her dark eyes narrowed. "I've been wondering where I've seen you before," she said. "I remember now—at the Tulip Dance Hall, wasn't it?"

Sally's face colored, there was a curious insolence in the other girl's voice. Faith turned towards Bruce and added coldly, "You're certainly a fast worker, Bruce. I take off my hat to you. Only a night or so ago you met her, didn't you, and now you're week-ending together. Pretty smart work, my lad."

Bruce colored too. He looked as though he could cheerfully have murdered her.

"Bring your friends into the lounge and I'll give them a drink," he said gruffly.

Faith looked directly at Sally, her dark eyes scarcely troubling to mask their contempt. "I'm not sure that my friends—" she began.

Bruce interrupted her. The veins were standing out on his forehead, his hands were clenched tightly by his sides. "Look here, Faith," he said, "what are you getting at? Sally, Miss Carson, has promised to be my wife."

If it was a shock for Faith it was even more of a shock for Sally. Both girls stared at him, eyes dilated, red lips apart. Sally felt herself swaying slightly. She had to grip tightly onto the back of the chair. Faith was the first to recover herself.

"Oh, in that case, I am sure my friends will be delighted to come in and meet your future wife!" Her voice was mocking. There was a bitterness in it too, and anger. Anger also shone out of her dark eyes. She turned without another word and called to the others.

"Come along in. Bruce has a surprise for you—and I only hope his drinks are as potent as his surprises!"

Bruce went out to meet them. Sally remained behind. She was trying to get a grip on herself.

Bruce had said she was his promised wife, but that wasn't true. He had never asked her to marry him. Obviously, he had said what he had said to save her from their scorn, from their contempt.

What could she do? Could she possibly carry the situation through? If only she had felt convinced he loved her! If only she had felt she was right for him, but she knew she wasn't. It was all a horrible travesty.

She moved toward the lounge. He was down in the kitchen getting some ice for the drinks.

Faith and her friends were alone in the lounge. As she neared the door she heard Faith say:

"It's incredible, fantastic, like something in a nightmare! Bruce couldn't possibly marry a girl like that! Why, he would be the laughing-stock not only of his friends but of the whole social world. Do you know where he met her?—at a cheap dance hall On the East Side. Either the poor boy is off his head or he's doing it for some absurd quixotic motive—though why one should need to feel quixotic about a girl like that I don't know! Obviously she's more than able to take care of herself!"

"Yes, it is a shame for poor old Bruce," one of the men was saying, "but maybe we'll be able to rescue him. After all, an engagement isn't a marriage."

Sally had been standing, tense and straight, listening to all this. Every word they said was like a knife-thrust in her heart, and yet she knew every word was true.

That was the damnable, the awful part of it. She wasn't right for Bruce. They belonged in different worlds, as widely separated as this earth and Mars.

These girls and these men were right, what they said was cruel, even brutal, but it was right.

A look of resolution passed over Sally's pretty, vivid face.

She squared her shoulders. She went into the room and joined them.

"This young lady," Faith said, her lips curling as she introduced Sally, "is engaged to Bruce."

Sally gave a short laugh. "You didn't really believe that, Miss Denning? That was a joke. Bruce and I thought it would be a good joke to have on you when we saw you coming. We're both tickled silly that we took you in," and she forced another laugh.

There was a slight pause. Everyone looked vaguely uncomfortable.

"Oh, so it was a joke?" Faith said at last. "Well, I confess you did take us in."

At that moment Bruce appeared with a bowl-full of ice on a tray. Faith swung towards him. "Your friend Miss Carson has just been explaining the joke you pulled on us," she said. "I admit you did it very convincingly, Bruce."

"What joke?" he demanded.

Sally interrupted. "Why, I was just telling them that our engagement was a joke," she said shrilly. "You remember, Bruce, how we planned it when we saw them coming? Why, we scarcely know each other, do we, let alone want to marry each other!"

Bruce said nothing. There was a curious look in his dark eyes. The veins stood out on his forehead.

"It isn't a joke as far as I'm concerned," he said shortly at last. "Now what about a drink for everyone?"

The others were staying at the Dennings' house which was not far away. It was plain they were all uncomfortable. They drank their drinks quickly and took their leave.

"Good luck to your joke, Bruce," Faith said at parting, "and forgive us for having disturbed this charming little tete-a-tete week-end."

Presently they had disappeared down the drive in the large car. Bruce and Sally faced each other, there was a long pause.

"Why did you tell them it was a joke, Sally?" he demanded.

"Why did you tell them that we were engaged?" she countered.

"Why shouldn't we be engaged? I think I said last night that I was falling in love with you?"

"But even if you thought you were in love with me you didn't mean to marry me last night," she said. "You never thought of marrying me until that girl came, and then—oh, yes, it was decent of you! You felt it was the only way you could put things right for me. But," she jerked up her head, "I don't want things put right that way. I don't want you to ask me to marry you simply because you think your friends will sneer at me otherwise, believing me to be no better than I should be."

"Sally dear, listen," he interrupted. His voice was rough. "Don't look at it like that. Perhaps Faith did force me to a hasty declaration, but I meant it all the same. I want to marry you, Sally."

She shook her head. Her lips were tight.

"You only think you do now, Bruce. Will you let me go please? Will you let me go away from here at once? I want to."

"But our picnic," he pleaded, "the lovely day we were to have together."

A look of pain passed over her face, her golden eyes were sad, almost tragic, momentarily. Then she shrugged.

"Oh, well," she said, "that will have to wait. Maybe some other time, Bruce, and maybe not."

"But Sally," he drew her towards him, "I can't let you go like this. I don't want you to go. I want you to stay. Please listen to me, dear. I love you. I want you to stay here with me always."

She closed her eyes for a second. Tears were threatening. The temptation to do what he asked was strong, unbearably strong. If only she dare give way to it, if only she dare say:

"Take me, Bruce, love me. Look after me always. I love you... I love you."

But she couldn't. Faith Denning's mocking words were still ringing in her ears. She remembered, poignantly too, the derisive laughter of the others when Faith told them that she was Bruce's promised wife. She pushed him away from her almost roughly.

"It's no use, Bruce. You see..." she hesitated, she drew a deep quick breath. "I don't love you. I love—" again she hesitated, and repeated, her voice strengthening, "I love someone else."

"You mean Jeff?"

She nodded and swung sharply away from him. "Yes, I mean Jeff. I... I love Jeff, Bruce. It was for his sake that I came down here and now that he's free, well, I want to get back to him as soon as I can. That's all."

"I see," he said slowly.

There was another pause.

She coughed slightly. "Why don't you say something, Bruce? It's true what I say. I do love Jeff. I'm going back to him and as soon as we can we'll be married."

"Very well, Sally," he said at last. "If that's how you feel about it, I've nothing more to say. When do you want to go back home?"

"At once." Her voice was edged.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jeff Gets Ugly.

TWO evenings later Sally was sitting by herself in the bedroom at Allerton Place. She had but shortly returned from work and was wondering just what she would do. Should she go out and try to find Jeff?

Queer, she hadn't seen or heard from him since she had returned. She knew he had been released but he had made no effort to get in touch with her. She

(Continued on Page 14)

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Men as Her Stepping-Stones by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 13)

couldn't understand it. He must have known that it was through her that he had been set free Then why this silence?

She didn't want to get in touch with him Now that she knew that she no longer loved him that she had never in fact really loved him—she dreaded seeing him, and yet, in another way she wanted to see him She wanted to make sure that he was all right, then she could end things between them for all time

She heard footsteps coming up the stairs Was that her stepmother? Her young face hardened Was she, as usual, drunk?

But a moment later she knew it wasn't her stepmother The footsteps were too heavy. Came an unceremonious banging on the door She experienced a sharp sense of fear But a second later she braced herself, walked towards the door and threw it open

Jeff was standing there At first she scarcely recognized him He was pale and unshaven His eyes were bloodshot and his lips were twitching

"Where is he Sally?" he demanded hoarsely "Where is this fellow you've been sporting round with while I've been in jail"

She drew back from him, her large eyes dilated

"What do you mean, Jeff?" she demanded "Who are you talking about?"

"About that man—Graham," he said roughly "The one that got me arrested Oh, I know he dropped the case, but I want to know why he dropped it Do you get me, Sally? I mean to find him and have it out with him" He advanced further into the room His rough hands shot out and he grasped her shoulders "Tell me Sally, Just why did he drop the case?"

"Because I asked him to," she stammered "Don't look at me like that, Jeff You told me to go and ask him to drop the case Well, I did"

He threw back his head and laughed unpleasantly. "Yes, but what price did you pay him for dropping it?" he demanded

She tried to wrench herself free of his grasp "Be quiet Jeff," she said. "How dare you talk to me like this! I wouldn't have gone near him if you hadn't asked me to. I went and"

But he broke in upon her. "Yes, yes, I asked you to go and get him to drop the case," he said "but I didn't ask you to go off with him for the week-end, did I?"

Her face had been very pale, but now two bright spots of color glowed in her cheeks. "What do you mean, Jeff?" she stammered

"Just what I say I know all about your little jaunt with him for the week-end Everyone knows about it! Everyone is talking about it They're laughing at me Your own stepmother's been telling every one about it Boasting about it"

"Jeff let go of me" she cried His fingers were grasping her so tightly her flesh was bruised "It's true I went with him to his country house on Long Island for a night, but nothing happened Jeff"

He laughed again harshly "You expect me to believe that? I'm not quite a mug Sally! I know you've been this fellow's girl damn him Probably that's why he had me locked up in the first place Well" his hands fell to his sides "he's not going to get away with it. I know his name and I'm going to find him right now and when I find him" He brought his face close to hers. It was ugly, threatening "I'm going to kill him, Sally"

"Jeff you're mad you don't know what you're saying" she cried wildly "I swear to you that nothing happened between us. I swear to you"

"Don't waste your breath," he retorted harshly, "You can't save your lover by lying speeches I've told you I'm going to get him and I will Do you see this?" He took a revolver from his pocket and thrust it into her face "I'm going to get him with this gun Next time you hear of your lover you will hear of him dead!"

With that he swung round stumbled through the doorway, along the corridor and down the stairs

Sally stood for a long moment as though she had been turned to stone She was too horrified, too terrified even to move

"I'm going to kill him," he had said.

"Oh no no!" she cried aloud sharply He was going to kill Bruce Bruce whom she loved whom she worshiped from the very depths of her being

Somehow she must stop him But how? She rushed to the window and stared out Jeff had already disappeared What should she do?

She must find Bruce and warn him. She seized up her bag and, without waiting to put on her hat or coat, she ran out of the house, jumped on a bus. It seemed to take hours to reach Park Avenue. Hours! Every stop was an agony of suspense. She sat forward on her seat, her fists tightly clenched as though, by the very force of her own small body, she would urge the car faster.

When she arrived at Cavendish House she pushed past the protesting doorman, she didn't wait for the elevator she didn't even pause for breath at the top of the stairs

A moment later she was facing Bruce's man.

"Mr Graham" she managed to gasp. "I've got to see him at once"

When he hesitated, she rushed past him and made her way into the sitting-room Bruce was there He was dressed to go out to dinner

"Sally!" he cried, as he saw her A note of eagerness, of joy came into his voice. "Sally, you've come back!" He was grasping her hands drawing her towards him "Oh, Sally, I'm so glad!"

Gently he pushed her down into a large, comfortable armchair

"It's Jeff!" she managed to gasp at last

"Jeff!" he repeated in amazement. "What's he to do with us, Sally?"

"He's coming to kill you," she said without prelude. "I've just seen him. He's been up to my room and he's he's crazy, I think He looks crazy, anyhow. He showed me a revolver and said he was coming here to get you. You see, he's heard about about my going down to the country with you and I guess he's jealous."

Bruce said nothing for a long time. She couldn't read by his expression what he was thinking.

Then he said quietly.

"You needn't look so serious about it." He was still smiling "I'm not dead yet!"

"Please don't joke about it!" Her face was deathly white "He is mad, I tell you!"

His hands were on her shoulders now

"Look at me, Sally," he demanded "Why did you come here to warn me?"

Just then there was a knock at the door

"A man to see you, sir," Philips said "He would not give his name"

Bruce had risen "I'll go and speak to him."

"You mustn't!" she gasped. "It might be Jeff!"

He laughed lightly. "I think I can take care of our friend Jeff!"

He walked out into the hallway, Sally went with him.

Jeff, still showing unmistakable signs of drunkenness, stood facing them. As he saw Bruce and Sally together his face turned a deep crimson, his right hand fled to his hip pocket

For a split second the gleaming nozzle of a revolver showed in the half light of the hall But Bruce had already noticed the suspicious bulge and he was quicker than Jeff His hand shot out, catching the man's wrist. Beneath his dinner jacket Bruce's muscles were as steel.

The revolver fell with a harmless clatter to the floor. Bruce stooped to pick it up. He slipped it into his own pocket

"I'd better keep this," he commented easily. "You'd like to remain out of jail, wouldn't you? Then I advise you to go at once"

"I'll get you yet," Jeff said through tightly clenched teeth. "You haven't heard the last of me, Mr. Bruce Graham"

"Get out," Bruce said. He flung open the door

Jeff appeared to hesitate, but a moment later he turned and lurched out of the doorway

A Gleaming Revolver Showed in Jeff's Hand; Bruce Seized His Wrist; Sally Screamed.

CHAPTER IX.

Bruce's Mother.

SALLY and Bruce stood watching him until he had disappeared down the stairs, then slowly they went back into the sitting-room It was some time before either of them spoke

"You don't love him, do you Sally?" Bruce asked at last

She shook her head "No but I thought I did once"

He smiled faintly "One has always thought one loved someone once"

"But this was real" She drew a tight breath "Or at least, it seemed real to me"

"So long as it's over," he said

She nodded, "Yes"

She felt humiliated and shaken that she could have loved such a man it astounded and horrified her Could one ever trust one's emotions? How did one ever know which love was the real love and which love was the false? She was standing by the window staring down into the street. Bruce came up behind her

"Sally," he said, "before Jeff's arrival I asked you a question Why did you come to warn me?"

She turned towards him and forced a small laugh

"Well, I wouldn't want you murdered, would I?"

"Wouldn't you?" he queried "And yet not so long ago you told me you hated me I should have thought had you really hated me you would have wished me dead You don't," he raised one eyebrow slightly, "by any chance love me, Sally?"

She shook her head quickly, fiercely, and when she spoke, she spoke vehemently, perhaps she hoped by the very vehemence of her tone to still the wild beating of her heart

"No, of course I don't love you."

"But you like me?"

Her color came and went. "Yes, I like you" she whispered

"Sally," there was an urgent plea in his voice, "if you like me, won't you try... try to love me a little? I asked you to marry me down in the country. I ask you again. I love you you are the only thing that is worth while in my life, that ever has been worth while."

She closed her eyes The temptation to yield to him was dreadfully strong, almost too strong But a moment later she opened her eyes quickly and said:

"It wouldn't do, Bruce. You must see that."

"Why wouldn't it do?"

"You and me" she said. "I don't belong to your world and you wouldn't want to belong to mine, I'm Sally Carson and I was reared in the slums. My father was a drunkard, my stepmother drinks, too." She caught her breath sharply. "My mother died when I was a kid" Her small face clouded "I've had to fight always and it's made me hard To have had nothing does make one hard"

"Don't you think," he asked, "that to have too much makes one hard, too? I am hard, Sally I was hard when I met you Hard, suspicious, believing I could get every woman I wanted, believing my money could buy me the earth You have taught me so much, Sally. Won't you let me love you take care of you?"

"It wouldn't work out." Her small voice grated. "Your friends would despise me They'd never accept me"

"Oh shucks!" he returned "We could live abroad"

She laughed at that, laughter without any mirth behind it. "Live abroad!" she exclaimed "It sounds as though I were a criminal, doesn't it?"

His face flushed hotly "Sally, I didn't mean that!"

Her own expression softened "I know," she said. "I know you didn't mean it, but it's true all the same I would feel like a criminal. I would feel all the time that you were secretly ashamed of me I would feel your friends laughing at me for the way I talked, for my manners, for not knowing any of the things or places they knew. No," she shook her small, red head determinedly, "if I ever married anyone it couldn't be like that. I'd have to feel they were proud of me, that they could take me anywhere."

"But, Sally," his voice was low and impassioned, "All that doesn't matter, only you and I matter I love you I think I could teach you to love me—"

The valet had come silently into the room

"Your mother has called, sir."

"Show her in," Bruce said

"Let me go," Sally cried quickly. But at that moment Bruce's mother came into the room. She had a quiet dignity to her and a certain charm She must, Sally decided, have been very beautiful once

"Mother, this is Sally Carson," Bruce said.

Mrs. Graham bowed graciously. "How do you do?" She added: "I'll wait in the other room until you're through with this young lady, Bruce" She didn't stress the word "lady" but to Sally's sensitive ears it was stressed

"She doesn't think I am a lady," she thought bitterly.

In that moment, while Bruce had performed the introduction, Sally had felt Mrs. Graham's coolly appraising glance upon her She had taken in the girl's clothes, she had taken in her beauty, too, her dangerous beauty.

"But Mother," Bruce protested, "won't you stay"

The older woman smiled sweetly but firmly.

"No, I'll wait in the other room, Bruce. You'll be through with this young lady in a few moments won't you?" And very calmly but decidedly she passed on into the next room

It had not been a deliberate snub on the surface, and yet it had been one of the most daring and cleverest of snubs Her attitude had said so clearly: "This can't be a friend of yours, Bruce Or if she is, certainly you can't expect your mother to stay and chat with her socially"

There was a short, awkward silence after his mother had gone. The color had mounted to Bruce's forehead He knew exactly what his mother had done, but he hoped and prayed that Sally wouldn't know it And yet, of course, she must know. She had brains as well as beauty and courage

"You see," Sally said quietly, "that is just what I was telling you, Bruce. Your friends would pass on, as your mother has just done, into the next room And even if they had to recognize me when I became your wife" her voice faltered slightly — "it wouldn't be sincere. They'd laugh and titter about me behind our backs I'd feel desperate and wretched. I wouldn't know what to do. Oh, Bruce, if you say you love me, you couldn't ask me to face that!" Her voice broke sharply.

"But Sally, you're so wonderful!" he cried. "I swear you're wrong! I swear they couldn't help loving you, once they got to know you."

She shook her head, her pretty lips twisted in a bitter line. "But they wouldn't bother getting to know me, Bruce. They would take me for what I am on the surface, a slum girl. Please," her voice, her eyes pleaded with him, "let me go If you love me, let me go!"

There was something very desperate and earnest about her

He longed to sweep her into his arms, to tell her that the difference in their social status wouldn't matter—at least, it wouldn't matter to him: but there was that in her attitude which prevented him

"I'll go, Bruce," she said, and she moved decisively towards the door

"But, Sally darling," he cried "this isn't the end It can't be the end!"

"It must be, Bruce, there's no other possible ending to our story We shouldn't have begun our story in the first place"

"I am to blame," he said brokenly "I wanted you from the first moment I saw you"

She nodded "I know," and added, an edge to her voice, "but you didn't want to marry me You must be frank If, on that first night, someone had told you that you would want to marry me, you would have said they were mad Our lives lie apart our worlds apart."

She motioned with her head slightly towards the door through which his mother had but recently passed. "Your mother is waiting for you."

He crossed over to her and crushed her cold hands

"Sally, my dearest, I'll never give you up. I'll always love you."

She shook her head slowly there was an infinitely sad look in her large golden eyes

"You think you will now, Bruce . . but life changes, love changes."

"Mine will never change for you," he said hoarsely. "If ever you want me, if ever you need me"

She nodded "I know" She whispered "Let me go let me go quickly It's the kindest thing you can do

He hesitated a moment longer as though he were fighting something out within himself

"Very well Sally"

He went down to the front door with her "Shall I get you a taxi?" he asked automatically

But at that, she laughed, and there was something of the old defiant Sally in her laughter

"You're forgetting, Bruce I'm not one of your smart society friends I don't travel in taxis I travel by subway or bus that is, if I've got the fare on me And if I haven't well" she shrugged and a faint grin passed over her features "I'm just out of luck Good-bye, Bruce." She thrust out her hand It was a savage determined, final gesture

"Oh, Sally, my darling!"

"Good-bye Bruce" Momentarily, she tossed back her head and added partly "I'll be seeing you or maybe I won't be seeing you

She turned and walked rapidly down the street

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

READ the most original and interesting household feature published—and you may win $5. Turn to page 16 and see "The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack."

Clothes last 2 or 3 times longer washed this safe "no-scrub" way

FOR TUB washing, too, the New Rinso is truly a miracle-worker. Its rich, fast-acting, long-lasting suds *soak* out dirt without scrubbing or boiling. Women everywhere say that clothes come from a Rinso soaking at least 5 shades whiter than ordinary soaps get them; that washable colors stay bright and new-looking. Try this quicker, easier way to do the weekly wash. See if clothes don't last 2 or 3 times longer washed this safe "no-scrub" way.

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BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

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I LIVED WITH GORILLAS

By JEUAN DU BERRIE

(Continued from Double Page)

with bows, arrows and long wicked spears showed themselves from all directions. They looked me over, they palavered in a tongue I could not understand. Then the head man became angry for some reason and had me tied to a tree where the sun fell on me all the rest of the day. They left me to suffer the tortures of thirst all day and all night, until my tongue became dry and so swollen it protruded from my mouth. During the night many animals, including a leopard, on their way to the water hole stopped to sniff me over but none saw fit to make a meal of my helpless flesh.

At dawn, the savages, seemingly rather surprised to find me still alive, unbound me and revived me with water and berries. Then off I was marched into the jungle—to captivity, torture, death or what. As far as getting along with gorillas is concerned it is better to approach them naked and unarmed, but these natives, finding a white man in that condition, decided that he was helpless and to be done with as they pleased.

For four days they marched me through the forest and by that time I was convinced that the Gaboon country contains not only the finest anthropoids in the world but some of the wretchedest human specimens. These blacks, in contrast to the magnificent Zulus, were undersized, stupid and hideous.

Not content with what Nature had done to them, the men cultivated an expression of hate until finally their features set in it permanently. I learned later that this was supposed to frighten their enemies. In addition to wrinkled foreheads, flat noses and lips that hung down onto their chins, they decorated their cheeks with scars. I will say one thing for them, however. Most rascals go around with a sweet smile, whereas these human vermin honestly tried to look as rotten outside as they were mentally and morally inside.

At last we reached a clearing containing about 50 crude huts made of lalang grass and out of the huts poured women, the young ones rather good-looking, to welcome with cries of joy their repulsive husbands. They jabbered excitedly about me and some of the boldest ran up, touched me and then smelled of their fingers. I was taken through the compound past a big hut, which turned out to be the village council chamber, to a small one nearby. There not only were my hands and feet bound, but a thong attached my feet to the long pole which supported the center of the roof.

This done, the men went out and presently snickers and giggles heralded the approach of the women who, I hoped, would bring me food and water, but they brought only a dreadful curiosity. First, they peeped at me through chinks in the grass wall of the hut. Then growing bolder, they would venture inside and stand round the pole staring at me.

At length one, braver than the rest, would put out a venturesome hand and touch my skin and in a minute they were all clustered round me trying, in their innocence, to rub the whiteness off me. They thought, presumably, that beneath my pale skin I was as black as themselves.

They prodded me and poked me. They pulled my hair. And, worst of all, they had an unpleasant habit of licking me all over, in order to taste the salt that was oozing from my body in perspiration. For a white man, unlike a black, perspires very freely in equatorial Africa. Sometimes, if one of their fingers came to close to my mouth, I would snap my teeth suddenly and they would all rush away shrieking and giggling and stand a little distance off looking at me. When they were reassured that I was securely bound and unable to chase them, they returned to the uncomfortable pastime.

The Gaboon natives went about naked, save for the married women, who tied a sort of apron of plaited grass to their bodies as a token that they had attained that enviable state.

The marriage ceremonies, as I was to discover later, were long drawn-out affairs, during which the man bartered for the hand of his prospective bride with her father. Often the father was extremely poor and gladly yielded up his daughter for a few old buttons, a handful of rice or mealie, or a piece of gaudily colored cloth. A daughter of the chief or the witch doctor, on the other hand, could not be bought as cheaply and the man who aspired to her hand had to bring some fine cattle to pay for it.

But the insults of the women, as they prodded me and licked the salt from my skin, seemed only playful compared with the tortures which I had to endure at the hands of the men. They used to come into the hut for no reason except to torment me. With their spears, the heads dipped in some fluid that set up a terrible irritation, they would prick my skin until the blood ran down on to the filthy ground and colored it crimson. Others brought flails made out of thin strips of skin and coarse grasses, and lashed my defenseless body with them. Had I been able to retaliate I might have borne these painful indignities more easily. But bound as I was I could only lie on the floor and endure them as best I might.

For three days, at intervals between tortures and indignities, I was given just enough food and water to sustain life, which I knew meant that I was being saved for some sort of ordeal, probably death by torture. At last four warriors entered, unbound me and patiently waited while I rubbed enough circulation into my feet so I could stand. I should mention that if patience is really a virtue these savages certainly have plenty of that. I have seen the women waste two hours getting a fire started by rubbing sticks together, but the real reason is that their time is of no value.

When I was able to totter around a bit they half hurried me to that big council chamber where the law of the natives was administered according to the rites of the tribe. I was left outside with two of the warriors while the other two went inside, presumably to give notice of my arrival. After a time the whole side of the hut was removed, for it was fashioned somewhat after the manner of sheep hurdles in England, and I beheld as savage an assembly as ever met the eyes of a white man.

The place was packed with warriors, each face seeming to be more saturated with stupid malice than the next, as my eye ran over the hideous assemblage. In the center sat the chief, old feeble, indifferent, and beside him the witch doctor. That person was the master of ceremonies who held my life in his hands. There was no doubt in my mind that I was to be killed. The only question was how my life was to be tortured out of me.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Science Discovers Why It's Good for You to Eat Meat

(Continued from Page 6)

in foods is due to a distinguished American chemist, Professor William C. Rose of the Department of Biochemistry in the University of Illinois. For many years Professor Rose and his students have been investigating these acids by feeding selected ones of them to laboratory rats. As the result of these experiments, among the most ingenious as well as the most laborious to which any American scientist ever has dedicated his skill, it has been discovered that 12 of the known 22 amino acids are ones the animal body can do without. If human bodies act similarly, it will not matter whether human food contains these acids or does not.

The other 10 are different. Every one of this list of 10 must be supplied in the food or the particular patterns of all the necessary proteins in the animal body cannot be woven.

Here is where meat and other foods from animal sources come into the picture. Many vegetables, such as corn or beans, contain some proteins. It once was believed that this was enough. Any kind of protein was supposed to be all right.

Now that is exploded.

It is known that some of the vegetable proteins do not contain certain ones of the necessary amino acids. Trying to live exclusively on such kinds of protein food will deny to the body some of the essential building stones it needs.

Just as people kept getting sick with scurvy, certain kinds of neuritis, rickets, some eye troubles and other diseases until vitamins were discovered and these diseases were traced to lack of them, so it is probable that many people who do not eat a varied diet containing many different kinds of food may be suffering from lack of one or more of the ten necessary amino acids. The same as with vitamins, nothing else will do. A person who dislikes fats and will not take such medicines as cod-liver oil cannot make up for lack of Vitamin A which these articles contain by swallowing orange juice containing Vitamin C.

All the vitamins are needed, not merely an excess of one of them.

Just so, the proper idea about amino acids seems to be to take foods containing a variety of these compounds, combined in an even greater variety of different proteins. Eating increased quantities of the proteins in beans or peanuts in order to avoid eating any of the proteins in meat, will not do. Perhaps the proteins in the beans or peanuts lack some one or two of the 10 amino acids that are needed.

As yet, the biochemists have not had time to search all the kinds of foods there are, to find out which ones have the necessary 10 amino acids. Doubtless that will be done reasonably soon, just as virtually all common foods now have been tested for vitamins. Then it may be known which protein foods safely can be left out of a diet and which it is necessary to combine with each other for full and vigorous health. At present, the safe rule is to eat as many kinds as possible, leaving it to Nature to select those of the amino acids which can be used.

Much of the same rule applies to necessary mineral elements including two that are especially well supplied by meat. One of these is iron, the other is potassium; the latter having the distinction of being the only radioactive element known to be necessary to life.

Modern discoveries have proved that there are three kinds of potassium atoms, only one of which is radioactive, but it was suggested several years ago by Dr. M. W. Vernadsky that it is this kind of radioactive potassium that keeps up the heartbeat and possibly is responsible for other living activities. If there is no radioactive potassium in the food, ill health or even death are distinct possibilities.

Leader in the study of these special kinds of potassium and their effects is Dr. A. Keith Brewer of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, who has determined the proportions of the different kinds of potassium atoms in many different animal, vegetable and mineral materials.

In mineral materials, the percentages of radioactive potassium and of the other heavy kind of potassium atoms seem to be about uniform everywhere; at least in materials of the modern world. In a few samples of ancient rocks, the proportions of the radioactive atoms may be higher, suggesting that the amount of this perhaps life-giving material in the world may be decreasing. In some animal materials, such as bone marrow, the percentage of radioactive potassium seems to be higher than usual and the same is true of certain plants, including sea kelp.

Just what these facts mean for human nutrition still is far from

(Continued on Page 17)

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3892 FASHION'S NEWEST IN SLIMLINE SHIRTWAISTERS . . . WITH BUTTON FRONT BODICE AND SMARTEST USE OF RIC-RAC BRAID. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch fabric and 1⅜ yards ric-rac.

Pattern 3870 STEP OUT IN STYLE IN THIS CAPTIVATING AFTERNOON FROCK THAT IS SO SIMPLE TO MAKE! NOTICE THE SWEETHEART NECKLINE AND GORED SWING SKIRT. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3770 HERE'S THE PERFECT SLIP, WITH BRASSIERE-LIKE SECTIONS TO MOULD YOU SMARTLY AND SLIM. PANELLED SKIRT THAT WILL NOT RIDE UP. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3891—A JIFFY CROCHET AFGHAN DONE WITH A LARGE HOOK IN GERMANTOWN YARN TAKES LESS WOOL THAN USUAL AFGHAN. Pattern 3891 contains instructions for making afghan; material requirements; illustration of afghan and stitches; color suggestions, photograph of section of afghan.

Pattern 3865 IN THE LEAD AMONG YOUTHFUL FROCKS IS THE STYLE WITH RAISED WAISTLINE, SOFTLY GATHERED BODICE, ROUND YOKES AND PUFF SLEEVES. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3789 DAUGHTER OF THE FAMILY WILL BE ENCHANTED WITH THIS PANTIE-FROCK THAT BOASTS A SWEET LITTLE FLARED SKIRT AND COMBINED PANEL AND YOKE TREATMENT. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS 15c EACH

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBER, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern and address your envelope to

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...REST YOUR THROAT, TOO WITH KOOLS

YOU keep your nose to the grindstone all week long. But on week-ends, you go after rest, fun, and relaxation! Why not give your throat that change—why not rest your throat, too, by smoking KOOLS this week-end? We don't say: "Give up your regular cigarette for good and all!" But just try KOOLS over the week-end! See how that mild menthol in KOOLS cools the smoke—soothes, refreshes, really *rests* your throat! Try it! Smoke KOOLS today—and see how much better your throat feels on Monday!

Tune in Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra, Wednesday evenings, nation-wide NBC Red Network.

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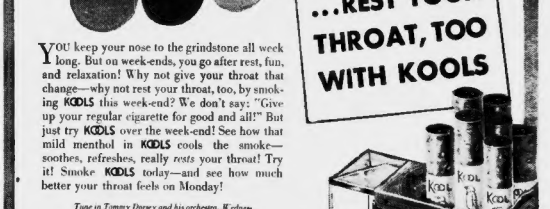

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

AT ALL DRUG STORES

MERCOLIZED Wax Beautifying CREAM

KEEPS SKIN Young Looking

Over a quarter century ago the first box of Mercolized Wax Cream made its debut in the realm of beautiful women. Today this pioneer face cream has become a favorite skin beautifier with lovely women the world over. Mercolized Wax Cream justly and richly deserves this loyalty it has won. Throughout the years it has upheld its promises to "Bring out the hidden beauty of the skin" and "Keep the skin young looking". It combines cleansing, softening, smoothing and lubricating elements with the technique of invisibly flaking off the superficially discolored surface skin to reveal the glorious young looking beauty of the underskin. Start using Mercolized Wax tonight.

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A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent. Tingling; antiseptic and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

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QUICKLY takes off unwanted hair from your face. Easy to use.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Greatest Circulation in the World

DIET HOROSCOPE FOR PEOPLE BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF VIRGO

By DR. CLARE CHRISTIE DONAHUE.

THE sign Virgo (August 23 to September 22) governs the intestines, solar plexus and the spleen in persons born under this sign. Of all the children of the Zodiac, Virgo people most need to rely upon Nature as their great physician.

A few hours spent close to Nature are their infallible remedies. Give these natural students a small garden to plant, to watch and to attend to the growing. Give them music as a recreation and a promoter of harmony. This will develop a kindly force and elegance of taste and help to make them look for the good in other people and to see the pure and beautiful in everything.

Both the men and women of this sign retain their freshness and youth to a remarkable degree. So much so that Virgoans at the age of sixty years are often taken to be twenty or twenty-five years younger. Appreciation for this gift of eternal youth should be shown by temperance in eating and drinking, as well as control of the emotions. Anger and strife should give place to order and harmony, as both are very necessary to health.

Virgo people who are careless and negligent of themselves are subject to certain stomach troubles and nervous conditions. The lungs, throat and eyes are sometimes affected. They also suffer from constipation.

Virgo people seem to be unusually susceptible to weather conditions, more so than any other person of the Zodiac. They are also affected by business conditions so much so that "good business, good health," may be considered to be almost axiomatic about them.

Foods containing sulphur, potassium and sodium will be found beneficial by persons born under this sign. Sulphur is the maker of glossy hair and the inspirer of artistic talent. It aids the body in throwing off impurities and gives tone to the blood. Potassium is the female chemical and is especially necessary in all female diseases. Sodium is Nature's cleanser and alkalizer. It enables the body to take up iron and tends to ward off moodiness.

The following foods contain these needed elements: Lamb, beef, sea food, dairy products, fowl, eggs, kale, Brussels sprouts, horseradish, lettuce, tomatoes, celery, turnips, cabbage, green corn, cauliflower, eggplant, dandelions, beet greens, parsnips, cucumbers, fresh spinach, beets, beans, rhubarb, Swiss chard, berries, cherries, pineapples, apricots, cranberries, apples, peaches, bananas, lemons, oranges, dates, grapefruit, raisins, figs, acorns, chestnuts, almonds, Brazil nuts, molasses and whole grains. Green leafy vegetable salads should feature the diet.

It is fortunate that the Virgo people, who because of their endurance and aptitude can surmount almost every difficulty and who are so hard to please, have such a wide variety of appetizing foods from which to choose.

One Sunday Menu for the Virgo—

BREAKFAST
Fresh Peach Juice (6 oz.), (Before Breakfast)
Cantaloup (Half) filled with Raspberries
Wholewheat Bran Muffins
Coffee

DINNER
Tomato-Celery Juice Cocktail
Endive-Cucumber Salad
Broiled Chicken
Fresh Young Beet Tops and Beets (Steamed)
Steamed Carrot-Squash Combination
Baked Onions
Nougat Ice Cream
Iced Grape Juice (Fresh)

SUPPER
Cinnamon Toast
Salad: Crisp Lettuce, Shredded Cabbage, Raisins and Green Pepper with Mayonnaise Dressing
Baked Apple and Cream

AND SOME RECIPES BY DR. DONAHUE

Tomato-Celery Juice

½ Glass Tomato Juice — *½ Glass Celery Juice*
Season with Lemon Juice and Salt

Nougat Ice Cream

6 Cups Cream — *½ Cup Chopped Pecans*
1½ Cups Honey — *½ Cup Chopped Raisins*
½ Cup Chopped Almonds — *½ Cup Chopped Dates*

Whip cream and add balance of ingredients, put in ice tray of refrigerator and freeze. Serve plain or with Maple Syrup.

Carrots and Squash Combination

Equal amounts of Carrots and Squash. Scrape Carrots and dice. Dice Squash. Steam until tender and mash with Butter. Choice of seasoning may be added.

CHICKEN PILAU

FAVORITE RECIPE OF THE FIRST LADY OF FLORIDA

WHEN Mrs. Fred P. Cone, wife of the Governor of Florida, sets out to make her favorite platter of Chicken Pilau she is concerned with the excellence of her recipe and not with the controversy regarding its spelling. Pilau, for years an old "stand-by" in the deep South, is also spelled "perlieu" or "perleau."

Mrs. Cone finds the dish delightful for summer luncheons and generally serves it either with a green vegetable or green vegetable salad. She makes it as follows:

1 medium size chicken
2 cups rice
4 hard boiled eggs—sliced
2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut up the chicken as if for frying. Cover it with salted water, and simmer gently until chicken is tender. If the broth of the chicken, when done is not sufficient, add enough water to make 8 cups of liquid.

Bring to a boil, add 2 cups of washed rice, cover the utensil and cook slowly until the rice is tender. Season the dish with salt and pepper to taste. Add the sliced eggs and butter. Serve hot.

PLANKED FRANKFURTERS

IN WHICH THE LONELY HOT DOG GOES HIGH HAT.

THE All-American combination of frankfurter, mustard and roll which this month is being consumed by millions of picknickers, tourists and vacationists, is undergoing culture and refinement. Instead of indulging in lowly "hot dogs," the literary set at Westport, Conn., and other haunts of the writing celebrities is preparing planked frankfurters from a recipe originated by Eugene Lyons, traveler, writer and author of "Assignment in Utopia."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Lyons are fond of this unusual and zestful meal especially when served in the summer months at outdoor buffet suppers. They tell The American Weekly that it should be prepared as follows:

Slit lengthwise as many frankfurters as are needed to serve 2 to each person. Broil them 3 minutes on each side. Place them in the center of a plank, surround them with a border of hot mashed potatoes in which 2 egg yolks have been well beaten, and put back in the broiler just long enough to tip the potatoes with a light golden brown.

Remove plank from broiler, add a border of vegetables, such as grilled tomatoes, string beans, broccoli or peas and pour over the frankfurters a creamy mustard sauce.

CREAMY MUSTARD SAUCE

½ tablespoon salt
2 teaspoons dry mustard
1 tablespoon sugar
1 egg, slightly beaten
Dash of white pepper
½ cup milk
¼ cup vinegar

Mix in the order given, adding the vinegar very slowly. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens.

FOUR PRIZE WINNING RECIPES—SELECTED AND TESTED BY MARY LEE SWANN

A PORK CHOP recipe which means $5 for its sponsor, Mrs. Z. M. L. Peacock, Fremont, North Carolina, is prepared as follows:

4 pork chops
1 No. 2 can peas
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon fat
¾ cup milk

Put pork chops on with enough water to cover and simmer until meat is tender. Meanwhile, sift together flour, baking powder, salt and cut in the fat, adding enough milk to moisten flour, but do not make mixture too wet. Roll out dough on a floured board, about 1 inch thick, and cut with a biscuit cutter. Put dumplings in with pork chops, cover closely and let mixture cook down to a dry stew. Add can of peas about 10 minutes before ready to serve. This makes an excellent and appetizing one-dish luncheon. Will serve 4.

I like to put the peas in about 15 minutes before serving time. Place the dumplings on top of the peas and cook closely covered until dumplings are done which will be 12 to 15 minutes.

—Mary Lee Swann.

HAPPY VALLEY PIE

FROM Santa Cruz, California, comes this prize winning recipe which earns Mrs. Ida Kearns $5.

1 lb. ground beef
½ lb. pork sausage
½ cup raisins
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
3 chopped hard boiled eggs
1 chopped onion
1 green pepper
1 cup ripe olives

Place meat in pan and fry until brown. Remove meat and in remaining grease, cook chopped celery, onion and sliced green pepper for 2 minutes. Add the cooked meat to this mixture, add raisins, eggs, whole olives and parsley. Next add 2 cups brown gravy. Season to taste. Cover with rich biscuit dough. Bake in hot oven for 15 minutes.

UNUSUAL, but easy to make, a recipe for fried stuffed eggs brings Mrs. Carrie Ginter of Albany, N. Y., a $5 prize. This is the way she prepares them:

6 hard boiled eggs
Pinch salt and pepper
1 tablespoon chili sauce or catsup
3 beaten eggs
Cracker crumbs

Peel hard boiled eggs, cut in halves and remove yolks, which should be mashed and seasoned with salt, pepper and chili sauce to make a paste. Fill cavities of whites, pressing halves together and fastening with toothpicks. Roll resulting whole eggs in beaten eggs, dip in cracker crumbs and fry in deep hot fat. Serve on toast and cover with hot tomato sauce.

I prefer bread (fine) to cracker crumbs and stale left-over bread may be used for making the bread crumbs.
—Mary Lee Swann.

VEGETABLE SALAD DRESSING

FAVORITE RECIPE OF THE FIRST LADY OF KENTUCKY

IF THE nostalgic notes of "My Old Kentucky Home" of late have conjured up visions not only of fast race horses and mint juleps but also of cool fresh vegetable salads seasoned with piquant dressing, then Mrs. Albert B. Chandler, wife of the Governor of Kentucky, is responsible. Mrs. Chandler's vegetable salad dressing is as famous in the State as Kentucky Colonels are outside of it. She tells The American Weekly that it is made as follows:

1 cup each: tomato catsup, vinegar, olive oil
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon salt
2 large onions, grated

Juice of two lemons, a little garlic and red pepper to taste. Mix in order given, whip well with beater and serve.

Superstitious Romans thought that the truffle was sown by thunderbolts in Autumnal storms.

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5.00

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page. Here is a chance for housewives throughout the land to turn their culinary skill, experience and ingenuity into profit.

There is no restriction on the kind of recipe to be submitted except that it must be original. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print, plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, 235 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

CHICKEN DELECTABLE

TO Mrs. Mary S. Johnson of Cambridge, Ohio, goes a $5 prize for the following Swiss chicken recipe:

Dress a tender chicken as for frying. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll in flour. Melt 4 tablespoons lard or other shortening in heavy frying pan. In the hot fat cook floured chicken until it is golden brown on all sides.

Place the hot chicken in a roaster or baking dish. To the fat in frying pan add 2 heaping tablespoons of sifted flour. Stir constantly until nicely browned. Add 2 cups hot water and stir until creamy and smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add 1 cup cream and bring to boiling point. Pour over cooked chicken. Cover and cook in slow oven 1½ to 2 hours until chicken is very tender. If the gravy gets too thick before chicken is tender add a little hot water from time to time.

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IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

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Broil—and Keep Cool

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"WHEN do we eat?" is not always a welcome question to the mother or home-maker, to whom cooking in the "dog days" of August often means roasting herself along with the roast!

But why worry, when we can broil—and keep cool?

It is readily admitted that meats cannot be improved on if given a broiling process which at once sears in the juices, adds to flavor, and gives that deliciously crisp texture so long popular as the first cooking method known to man. For the caveman, who skinned his dearly-won game, held it over a coals fire supported on the end of a cleft stick—the original broiler.

This stick or skewer method is still employed by many peoples. And what so increases flavor as charcoal or coals cookery, or its newer interpretation, the electric broiler?

Byzantine in origin, the cookery of Turkey, Armenia and Russia all feature dishes of the "skewer" type, notably the familiar lamb "kebabb," or pieces of meat broiled on skewers. Copied in many cruder forms, we find the "kebabb" well-known to the Boy Scout who threads joyfully the alternate sections of meat, tomato, cheese, or bacon into a "bacon-bob," or by whatever name he calls it locally. In its most glamourous form, we find the "kebabb" listed on the menus of smart hostelries as "shasslik"—that specially cooked-to-order immense meat skewer dripping with rich lamb, tomatoes, eggplant and onion, bathed in butter, and heaped on a still larger heap of hot boiled rice, which is the prideful accomplishment of the finest chefs.

But between the crude "bacon-bob" of the hiker, which he cooks over a hastily blown-up bed of woods coals, and the elaborate "shasslik" of the diner, cooked to perfection over a controlled hotel kitchen grill, come the meats of the home cook. And

how does she broil? Or, should we rather ask, how, in the past, has she failed to broil? Because it must be admitted that too few, alas, indeed too few women practice the fine and high arts of the broiler.

Why? Because, as my readers will rise and agree with me, in the past the broiler attachment on the average home range has been badly designed, clumsy, unwieldly, and a pain to clean. Owing to its very wide surface, usually, and the inconvenient lower drip pan (than which nothing is more unpleasant to wash), broiling has, on the home range, been a mere makeshift. No woman yearned to broil a few strips of bacon or a fish, or a brace of kidneys on so large a broiler, and then spend 15 minutes afterwards washing it off.

In short, the writer is of the opinion that home broiling has not been practiced often enough, and on variously-different dishes, because of failure in the efficiency of design of the broiler itself. Indeed, this must be true, for, failing to get happy results indoors in the kitchen, many a man or his family has erected a small broiler grill in the back yard, or purchased one of the several excellent portable charcoal broilers now on the market. Indeed, in the summer, for those who have the space and like to have the blue vault of heaven overhead while they cook or dine, nothing is more fun than outdoor "skewer" cookery.

Luckily, however, the electric broiler (and by that I mean a portable small table-top broiler) is making its appearance with astounding results. Several designs may be purchased, each, however, featuring a coil of electric wires which may be easily adjusted over the cooking food.

One of these newer units appears like an enlarged frying pan with a "hat" or lid containing the heating element on its inner or down side. The bottom or more shallow vessel, like a frying pan, is fitted with an inner enameled pan or a heat-proof glass plate. Arrange your fish, kidneys, chop, or what-have-you, on this lower plate, and cover with the upper hat-like lid, and let the heat glow down on the food. Even if some women may be a bit reminded of the hair-drying devices in the beauty parlor, let that not deter them from bathing their meats, vegetables, etc., in a radiant heat diffusion from the newest electric broilers.

And not only meats, but fish, and, at this summer season, vegetables, too, may be broiled with much success. Think of ripe, luscious rings of red tomato, broiled for breakfast while you swallow an accompanying cup of coffee; or rings of eggplant, made rich and golden under the electric rays of the new type broilers; or cucumbers and summer squash, stuffed and glazed, a tempting feature of the summer luncheon or supper plate.

And, with these new electric table broilers, one may utilize the finer models in skewers: Instead of employing a cleft twig of green wood, as does the Boy Scout, or a ponderous iron spike, as in the Russian and Armenian dishes, the housewife can rely on lightweight, shiny small skewers of neat pattern and convenient usage for table service. These skewers come packed four or six to a card, for the proverbial dime or so, and their use makes delightful such novelty snacks as cocktail sausage and oyster grill, and others, too.

The French, also long users of this form of skewer cookery, speak of it as "en brochette"—that is, "on a spit." And, as in old-fashioned "spit" or open-coals cookery, the secret of the en brochette dish is a hot fire at first, to close the meat and seal up the juices, at once lowering the temperature to moderate, and keeping a fine even heat or glow constantly on the food. And last, the constant turning which insures evenly-braised or roasted surfaces.

With the electric broiler, however, even, uniform cooking is always assured because of the controlled heat of the unit, whether that be "low" or "high." Last, a little trick learned recently when testing these appliances is, that with delicate foods such as bacon, fish or oysters, it is best to use the "low" heat first, to tenderize the fibre or flesh, and then treat it to a rapid "high" glow to bring on the desired rich golden shade which makes broiled foods so appetizing to the eye. No generalizations can be made, as the exact technique depends on the texture and nature of the food.

Cook your meats, then, "en brochette," or treat the family to some "skewered" meals. Broil and keep cool!

Appetizing Menus for the Week

by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Breakfast***	***Dinner***
Fruit or Fruit Juice.	Sliced Oranges.	Figs.	Bananas.	Raspberries.	Orange Juice.	Pineapple Juice.
Whole Grain Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Prepared Cereal.
Poached Eggs.	Baked Bacon.	Philadelphia Scrapple.	New Orleans	Flaked Fish Cakes.	Milk or Coffee.	Graham Waffles.
Toasted	Bread-Crumb	Graham Muffins.	Omelet.	Delicate Corn Muffins.	***Luncheon***	Syrup.
Scones.	Griddle Cakes.	Coffee.	Buttered Toast.	Coffee.	Baked Squash.	Coffee.
Milk or Coffee.	Coffee.	***Luncheon***	Coffee Substitute.	***Luncheon***	Baked Stuffed	***Dinner***
Luncheon	***Breakfast***	Corn and	***Luncheon***	Bean and	Peppers	Favorite
Turkish Pilau.	Onions au Gratin.	Cheese Souffle.	Spinach Bechamel.	Beet Salad	(with Macaroni).	Appetizers.
Lamb and Tomato	Radish Salad.	Old-Fashioned	Ground Peanut and	with Cream Dressing.	Rye Bread.	Baked Cured Beef
Mayonnaise Salad.	Bran Nut	Fried Okra.	Banana Salad.	French Bread.	Fruit Compote.	Hash with Seven-Minute Apples.
Golden Corn	Muffins.	Prune Salad.	Nut Fruit Bread.	Normandy Cheese.	Date Turnovers.	Buttered Lima Beans.
Sticks.	Cantaloup.	***Dinner***	Hot or	Steamed Graham	***Dinner***	Salad Dressing.
Fruit Trifle.	***Dinner***	Rolled Stuffed	Iced Cocoa.	Pudding or Fruit	Tomato Juice	Strawberry
Iced Tea	Sauerkraut	Round Steak.	***Dinner***	Tapioca with Fruit	Cocktail.	Chiffon Pie.
with Lemon.	Juice or	Brown Mushroom	Baked Ham and	Sauce.	Calf's Liver in	***Supper***
Dinner	Tomato Juice.	Sauce.	Pineapple.	***Dinner***	Casserole.	***(Picnic)***
Mock Turkey.	Frankfurters	Bread Stuffing.	Noodles.	Broiled or Baked	Corn-on-the-Cob.	Lobster Salad with
Brown Sauce.	en Brochette.	Ten-Minute Cabbage.	Green Lima	Fish Cakes.	Green Bouquet	Corn-Meal Muffins.
Vegetables in	Spinach Bouchees	Harvard Beets.	Beans.	Philadelphia Relish.	Salad.	Mystery Cake or
Casserole.	or Asparagus.	Heart Lettuce.	Emergency	Steamed Potatoes.	French Dressing.	Date Turnovers
Perfection Salad.	Mustard	Neapolitan	Left-Over Salad.	Buttered Okra Salad.	Sour Cream	(Left-Over).
Angel Parfait.	Pickles.	French Dressing.	Caramel	Tomato Salad.	Gingerbread	Hot or Iced
Mocha Cakes.	Peach Cobbler or	Cream Cheese	Chocolate	Salad Dressing.	with	Cocoa or Punch.
	Tapioca Cream.	"Cake-Pie."	Cake.	Fresh Pineapple Rolls.	Lemon Sauce.	

Lobster Salad and Other Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Lobster Salad with Old-Fashioned Corn-Meal Muffins.

COOK a 1½ pound lobster or have ready 1 can lobster meat. Mix the lobster meat with ½ cup well-seasoned white sauce. Soak 1 tablespoon gelatin in ½ cup delicate fish stock and dissolve over hot water. Add to lobster, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Chill. Beat ¾ cup cream until stiff, add ½ cup mayonnaise and fold in the lobster mixture. Turn into drawer of mechanical refrigerator and let stand until frozen. Turn out on bed of crisp lettuce. Serve with old-fashioned corn-meal muffins.

Old-Fashioned Corn-Meal Muffins.

CREAM 2 tablespoons butter or shortening, add 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 beaten egg and beat well. Add 1 cup milk alternately with 1 cup mashed riced potato and beat until smooth. Add 1 cup corn-meal mixed and sifted with 4 teaspoons baking-powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Mix well, turn into small greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, about 20 minutes. Serve immediately.

Lamb and Tomato Mayonnaise Salad.

HAVE ready 1 cup diced or sliced cold cooked lamb. Separately sprinkle 3 hard-cooked eggs, 1 cup diced cold boiled potato, a few cooked cauliflower flowerets and 2 or 3 quartered tomatoes with well-seasoned French dressing. Lightly mix the lamb and potato with 2 of the eggs, finely chopped. Moisten with tomato mayonnaise. Arrange on a crisp bed of lettuce or cress and garnish with the cauliflower and tomatoes and one of the eggs cut into rounds or lengthwise eighths. To make the tomato mayonnaise, add 1 tablespoon tomato paste and a few grains paprika to ⅓ cup well-seasoned mayonnaise.

Home-Made Chili Sauce.

COOK 1 pint thick tomato pulp slowly ½ hour. Add 4 tablespoons grated onion, 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon cloves. Cook ½ hour longer. Add ½ cup lemon juice (It will be necessary to use 3 pints of canned or fresh tomatoes to give a pint of sufficiently thick tomato pulp. Stew until reduced).

Stuffed Tomato Salad.

SKIN 6 or 8 small ripe tomatoes. Carefully remove pulp from stem ends, taking care not to break shells. Sprinkle inside and out with salt, invert and chill for ½ hour. Soak 2 teaspoons gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water, dissolve over hot water and add to 1 cup mayonnaise, beating thoroughly. To ½ of the dressing add 2 cups cold cooked salmon, tunafish, lobster or any left-over fish, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped pimiento, a few grains salt and pepper and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Fill tomatoes with this mixture, and, with pastry bag and tube, make a mayonnaise rose on top of each tomato. Chill in refrigerator, and serve on crisp lettuce with a garnish of watercress.

Delicious Broiled Dishes

Caucasian Shaslik (Russian): Three pounds leg of mutton or lamb, onions, vinegar, salt, pepper, hot boiled rice. Have meat cut into thick oval slices or chunks, place in earthenware dish, and cover with sliced onions, salt, pepper and vinegar and water in equal amounts. Cover and stand 4 hours, the purpose being to season and tenderize the meat. Drain and wipe dry. Insert meat on skewers, or lay on broiler, and grill over moderate heat, turning frequently. If done on skewers, use alternate slices of meat, eggplant, tomato or cucumber, and wrap with bacon, if liked. Serve immediately, accompanied by hot boiled rice.

Lamb Kebabb, with Stuffed Eggplant (Turkish): Fat breast of lamb, highly seasoned, tomatoes; eggplant. Cut lamb in suitable pieces for skewering, and allow to season in oil, minced onions, carrots, parsley, and black pepper for four hours. Drain, wipe, and skewer with chunks of tomato at either end. Broil over moderate heat, turning often. Serve with eggplant as follows: Cook ½ pound minced onions in oil until a golden brown, add one pound quartered ripe tomatoes, and garlic to season. Add salt and pepper. Simmer slowly to a thick pulp. Blanch small unpeeled eggplants in boiling water 10 minutes, then split lengthwise. Remove some of their pulp, and stuff with tomato mixture. Arrange on greased baking platter and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, one hour, basting frequently with tomato sauce.

Fried Cucumbers with Sour Cream (Russian): Two large firm cucumbers, cooked meat finely minced and well seasoned, fine bread-crumbs, butter, one cup thick sour cream. Peel cucumbers and cut crosswise into three-inch sections, and remove seeds. Blend meat and crumbs thoroughly, and stuff into cucumber cavities. Arrange stuffed slices under electric broiler, brush with melted butter and broil low heat 8 to 10 minutes. Pour over sour cream, and continue broiling low fire until tender. Use gravy over dish. Substitute summer squash for cucumbers if you wish.

Echoes from the Housewife's Food Almanack

Housewife's Food Almanack:

For years The American Weekly has held much interest for me. Now I have a recipe which may interest you. An uncle and a brother of mine resided for many years in India and upon their return brought back a recipe for a native dish which is as common there as pork and beans are here. It is called Dahl, pronounced "doll."

One pound of yellow split peas boiled gently for about an hour, or until all water is absorbed and peas are consistency of mashed potatoes. Add salt, 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls of curry powder and one pint of sour cream. Beat together. Serve hot or cold. Also makes unusually tasty sandwiches. An odd, simple and tasty dish, at very small cost.

Mrs. Lillian B. Holland,
921 Matagorda St.,
San Antonio, Tex.

(Thanks, Mrs. Holland. When we go to India, even if we can't speak the language, we know we won't starve. Not as long as we remember to ask for "Dahl." The Ed.)

Housewife's Food Almanack:

I have found your recipes in The American Weekly Housewife's Almanack to be very useful. Am sure every reader finds fixing them a pleasure, especially these hot summer days.

Mrs. Walter May,
Burlington, N. C.

(We're glad to hear that, Mrs. May. And may you continue to try some of the unusual and delicious recipes which will be printed right through the fall and winter months. The Ed.)

Housewife's Food Almanack:

In The American Weekly I noticed some fine recipes.

Mrs. H. Meredith,
1941 Livingston Ave.,
Loraine, Ohio.

(... and here's hoping you'll find many more you like. Mrs. Meredith. The Ed.)

SCIENCE DISCOVERS WHY IT'S GOOD FOR YOU TO EAT MEAT

(Continued from Page 15)

being settled: these discoveries about potassium being still newer than those about amino acids. It certainly is true, however, that meat contains much potassium, and probably its full quota if not more of the radioactive potassium, just as it is true that red meats contain ample supplies of iron in much the same chemical form that is used in human bodies for making blood. Iron or potassium from other sources may turn out some day to be almost as good, but they are not likely to be any better.

Even geographical diversity in foods is desirable, as well as diversity in kinds. In vegetables, it has been discovered that the amounts of iodine, copper and some other elements may differ greatly, depending on the soils where the vegetables are grown. The same is true of milk from cows that eat iodine-rich or iodine-poor grass from animals raised similarly in different regions.

As yet, nobody knows for certain whether the percentages of iron, radioactive potassium or other mineral elements also differ in this way in meats, vegetables or other foods from different parts of a country, but it is probable that they do.

This again makes it probable that the packing industry, with its widespread sources of meats, some even from other countries, and its equally widespread distribution in refrigerator cars, is doing mankind an even greater service than it knows, by providing people everywhere with mixtures of foods produced in many different places.

Even the one food deficiency regarded by experts as the most prevalent and dangerous in America, the packing industry may be able to remedy, if it will provide for human consumption some of its discarded bones. The food deficiency in question is that of calcium, which element primitive man got by gnawing the bones of the animals he killed but which modern human beings get only from certain vegetables and from milk. Experts agree that the amounts of calcium-rich foods eaten by average Americans are almost certainly too small, resulting in bone diseases, decayed teeth, nervousness and other troubles.

One remedy already suggested by Dr. William N. McCartney, author of the recent best seller, "Fifty Years a Country Doctor," is fresh bones ground into a meal or flour and put in capsules, like a medicine. In England, a remedy suggested for the similar lack of calcium there is suggested by the distinguished nutrition expert, Dr. R. A. McCance, in the habit of eating larger quantities of fish bones.

Perhaps the next contribution of the meat packers, both to American health and to their own prosperity, will be to hold back some of the fresh, clean animal bones now made into glue or fertilizer, and turn these into a palatable bone-meal breakfast food or a succulent ground-bone soup, for the benefit of people ill, nervous or bad-tempered from lack of calcium in their food.

SAVE YOURSELF WORK THESE HOT DAYS!

LUCKY MAN! Supper is ready and his wife "feels fine!"

How does she do it?

HOW does she do it? She doesn't wear herself out standing hours over a hot stove in the kitchen! One of her most helpful aids is Franco-American Spaghetti, a high quality and most nourishing food, which comes all ready cooked—with a sauce so delicious and savory that husbands and children keep passing their plates for more!

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